JOHN BULL, JULY 31, 1926 Vol. XL. No. 1050.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

FOR EVER BLOWING BUBBLES!

How d'you do—
says the new
SPEARMINT

This delightful old-favourite chewing sweet greets you now in new form—

—sugar-coated

—4 pieces in a sealed packet

—penny a packet, like P.K.

It's flavoured as before with the juice of fresh garden mint, but seems to taste better than ever.

Try a packet to-day. Let a penny do its best.

WRIGLEY'S

Four dainty sugar-coated pieces in a bright little packet, sealed to keep all the goodness in.

BG 66

SPEARMINT

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

Read the specification of the Graves 'Speed King' cycle.
B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle
The frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if de-lined). Lady's or Gent's Model. Carriage Paid £6:0:0
Terms: 8/- with order, 8/- monthly.
CATALOGUE POST FREE.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.
Ten Years' Guarantee

ALL ROUND VALUE
AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT DEAL

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked (JB). In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaints must reach us within one month of the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

"WE MUST TELL 'JOHN BULL.'"
Accept my hearty thanks for cheque. Little did we think we should ever make use of it; in fact I had forgotten about it until the wife said, "We must tell 'John Bull.'" It is a splendid thing to be covered like this after only spending 2d. a week. I am telling all my friends, especially "doubting Thomas."
Mr. R. J. Sandell,
Chapel Corner, Statham, Norfolk.

"A GODSEND."
I acknowledge receipt of cheque and need hardly add that the money will be a godsend in replacing the goods destroyed.
I am very thankful that I was registered under your Insurance Scheme, otherwise I should have been months replacing my lost articles.
G. W. Fenton,
The Gun Range, Astcroft Valley.

A Chorus of Praise

"PRACTICAL HELP."
I have received cheque in settlement of fire claim.
Please accept thanks for same. A little help in such cases is certainly better than a deal of pity.
C. A. Hand,
214, Great Bridge Street,
West Bromwich.

A GLAD SURPRISE.
I acknowledge your very welcome cheque with many thanks, and I must say we are both greatly surprised at the amount and also the promptitude and fair way in which the claim has been dealt with.
Mr. S. R. Lett,
Woodhall Road,
Old Swan, Liverpool.

136 More Benefits Paid This Week.

FIRE UP TO £400.

CROSSKEYS, MON.—Mrs. J. THOMAS, 4, Oak Terrace.
CYMMER PORTH, GLAM.—Mr. W. COLLINS, 8, Argyle Street.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mr. C. FENLOW, 8, Alexander Square, Clayton.
LEITH.—Mrs. J. ROBERTSON, 6, Iona Cottages, Iona Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. W. GROVES, 56, Heathcote Road, Cotteridge, King's Norton.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. W. SOUTH, 313, Heath Street, Winson Green.
GLYNNEATH, GLAM.—Mr. J. PIKE, Factory House.
GLYNNEATH, GLAM.—Mrs. G. THORBURN, Brynsiriol, Newtown.
ATHERTON, Nr. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. S. A. JOHNSON, 1, King Street, Bolton Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. H. V. LONG, 272, Bordesley Green.
BLAYDON-ON-TYNE.—Mr. J. HOWE, 12, Mabel Street.
KIRKCALDY.—Mrs. J. HYND, 185, High Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. G. NAYLOR, 8, Court, 2 House, Bard Street, Park.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. COOPER, 431, Yardley Road, South Yardley.
PERTH.—Mrs. J. CROCKET, Elibank Cottage, Elibank Street.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. R. CROUCH, 6, Market Street.
HALESOWEN, WORCS.—Mr. A. E. GOODE, 14, Attwood Street.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mr. C. A. HAND, 214, Great Bridge Street
BARGOED.—Mr. J. THOMAS, 103, Gilfach Street.

SICKNESS £5 5s.

SWANSEA.—Mrs. A. M. HARRIS, 6, Short Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. F. WARD, 44, Shirley Park Road, Shirley.
PALLION SUNDERLAND.—Mr. L. TOOMEY, 22, Duncan Street
LEVEN, FIFE.—Mrs. SUTHERLAND, 85, North Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. ELLEN HUGHES, 22, Jenner Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 per week.

SCUNTHORPE, LINCS.—Mrs. F. COLLINS, 18, King Edward Street, New Brumby.
TAUNTON, SOMERSET.—H. C. HOOPER, 15, Elma Parade, Staplegrove Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. A. SPINKS, 48, Dorset Terrace, Harehills.
MARKET HARBRO'.—Mrs. J. THOMAS, Rockingham Road, Cottingham.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—R. WESTALL, 134, John Clay Street, Westoe.
HAMSWORTH, Nr. PONTEFRACT.—Mrs. J. MILES, 24, Close Street.
SOUTH OCKENDON, Nr. ROMFORD, ESSEX.—F. GRIMWOOD, 3, Hall Lane.
(*Many names unavoidably omitted.*)

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS) ..... Age.....
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....

J.B. 31/7/26.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address .....
Date.....

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon-Value 2/-

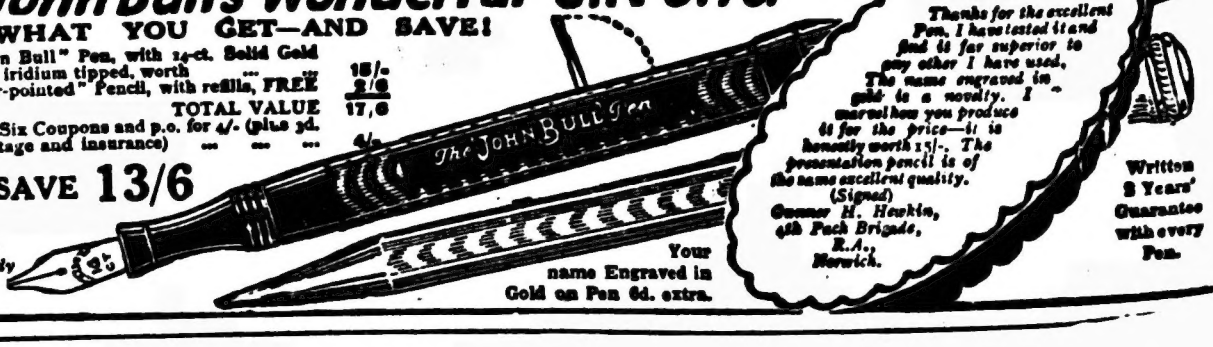
This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/8 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 1d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.
JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!
John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth ...	15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE	2/6
TOTAL VALUE	17/6
You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance)	4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6



Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

"WORTH 15/-"
Thanks for the excellent Pen. I have tested it and find it far superior to any other I have used. The name engraved in gold is a novelty. I marvel how you produce it for the price—it is honestly worth 15/-. The presentation pencil is of the same excellent quality.
(Signed)
Gunner H. Hewkin,
4th Pack Brigade, R.A., Norwich.

Written 3 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

Commencing in the August "Romance"

"Winged Heels"

A brilliant new serial by S. Andrew Wood

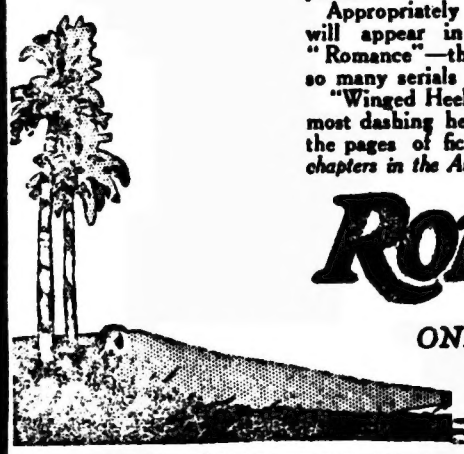
HERE'S good news for the story-lover! S. Andrew Wood, the popular author of "The Isle of Enchantment" and other romantic works, has written another tale which for originality and brilliance, surpasses his previous efforts.

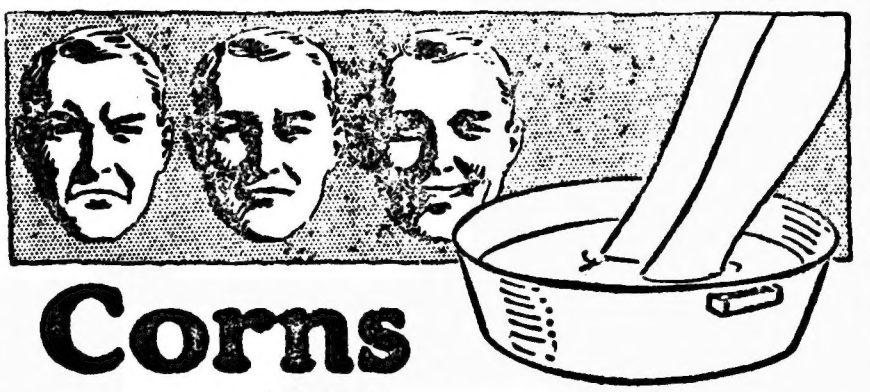
Appropriately enough, the first instalment will appear in serial form in the August "Romance"—the magazine which has launched so many serials of the first rank.

"Winged Heels" will introduce one of the most dashing heroes that ever stepped out of the pages of fiction. *Don't miss the opening chapters in the August number.*

Romance

ONE SHILLING





Corns

gone—Walking now a pleasure.

Summer days bring little pleasure to sufferers from corns. The joys of tennis, picnics, and holiday tramps are denied to them. They have to sit idly by while others enjoy themselves. You need not do this, however. Radox Bath Salts quickly, easily and painlessly remove the worst corn. They tackle the root of the corn and remove it. Read what this former sufferer writes:—

"For over five years I have not been for a walk of a quarter mile owing to corns and tender feet. I put it down as incurable owing to long hours of standing in business, but a customer persuaded me to give Radox Bath Salts a trial, offering to pay if it proved a failure. I do not send this as an advertisement, but I thought you would like to know I am quite prepared to walk from here to London (8 miles).

June 6th, 1926. W. T. C. (Chemist).

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox the Salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. More Radox Salts are sold than any other kind, a further proof of its efficacy. Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½-lb. pink packet; 2/6 double quantity.

1/6

Half Pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR IN A CIGARETTE?

Smoothness!

—YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND IT IN *Wills's* GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. WILLS,
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

W 258

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 9/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

SAMPLES FREE

AT LAST!
AN IDEAL FLOOR COVERING
60 SQ. FT. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum. Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-; 120 sq. ft. for 30/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS
36, Carter Street, London, S.E.17

PAROLEUM

FREEMANS
Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

If in regular employment apply to us as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

Wireless without Aerial

Marvellous invention which DECREASES COST and AIDS REPTION.

Vinco Aerialess Crystal and Valve Sets make all other Receivers out-of-date. Vinco is a British patent, entirely eliminating any description of aerial, outside or inside the cabinet, thereby making them independent of directional operation, which is necessary for all other portable and so-called "no aerial" Receivers. Vinco Receivers are unsurpassed for purity in Loud Speaker reception.

Two Valve Set, perfect loud speaker reception, polished Solid Mahogany Cabinet, complete with B.T.H. Valves and Batteries, contained in cabinet. Price **£12-10-0**

Crystal Set, handsome Velvet-lined Leatherette Cabinet. Price **30/-**

Obtainable on Easy Terms. Satisfaction or money back. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers: THE "VINCO" WIRELESS CO., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 7, 9, 78, Basinghall St., E.C.2
Tel.: 4989 London Wall, 3970 Central.

Juvenile RACKETS

Best Quality White GUT

4,000 ONLY at the REMARKABLE PRICE of **3/-** Post Free.

Measure 24 ins. by 7½ ins. Send P.O. under money back Guarantee.

CARLTON SUPPLY STORES,
Carlton House, Regent Street,
LONDON, S.W.1.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for **7/6** with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE BOLTON

From 1/6 per week
or 6/- per month

Direct from Factory. 2/6 DEPOSIT
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
Carr. Paid on approval from **£2:17:6**
Cash or Credit.
Write for fully illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

S. BOLTON, 408, Kingsland Rd., E.8
DEPT No. 10

VALVE SET

Complete Components for One-Valve Receiving Set.

On receipt of 6/6 we will supply Best Quality Components for making One Valve Set together with Solid Oak Cabinet with Hinged Lid, Wiring Chart and Two Pairs of our World Famed Excellalite Headphones. If perfectly satisfied with quality of goods you send 14 Monthly Payments of 5/- only. Should you for any reason be not satisfied return goods and your money paid as deposit will be returned.

6/6 Deposit.

ALL WIRELESS GOODS AT SUMMER PRICES.

Send at once for Catalogue.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.16.

An AMAZING OPPORTUNITY for CYCLISTS!

from PLANTATION to PURLIS direct.

Avail yourself NOW of this astonishing offer. A PAIR of High Grade large studded Cycle Tyres at less than the price of one in the shops. Manufactured from Finest Gum dipped Cord Fabric, Grade 1, Black Para Rubber. NON-SKID and PUNCTURE PROOF and of wonderful resiliency

GUARANTEED FOR 12 MONTHS

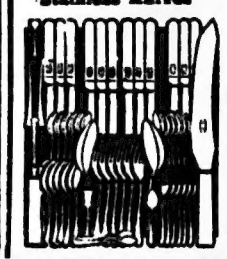
CARRIAGE PAID TO YOUR DOOR **8/6** PAIR

Please state size when ordering

The JAVA & GENERAL RUBBER Co.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. 50 pieces 50/- Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash on delivery. Complete Approval.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

"Bullets" £1 Winners

(Continued from page 35)

J. Carter, 100, Prescot Rd., St. Helens.
W. M. Chatterley, Harvington, Evesham.
K. W. Cherry, 45, High St., Barnet, Herts.
J. C. Chesterman, 40, Queen St., Oxford.
H. Colkett, 73, Higham Station Av., Chingford.
H. Corbin, Bradpole, Bridport, Dorset.
D. Cowan, 142, Perry Road, Leith, N.B.
S. Crick, 112, Brownlow Rd., London, N.
M. Cropper, 2, Mortimer St., Birkenhead.
W. T. Crosby, 39, Bolton Terr., Lewisham, S.E.
W. Currie, "Ad Rodney," Berrow Gn. Martley, Worcs.
Mrs. M. Curtis, 217D, Archer Cres., Ely, Cardiff.
W. F. Day, 9, Cow Lane, Coventry.
M. Delaney, Canal Hse., Monasterevan, Co. Kildare.
R. Dixon, "Claremont," Crookings Lane, Penwortham.
Mrs. C. Duncan, Cromwell Park, Almondbank, Perth.
C. E. Duncan, 5, Alexandra Pl., Newcastle.
A. W. Ellwood, 19, King Edward St., Shildon.
H. C. Evans, 13, Stratton Rd., Gloucester.
S. S. Fisher, 38, Ermine Rd., Hoole, Chester.
T. Fletcher, 102, West View Rd., Barrow-in-Furness.
Mrs. A. Gardiner, 32, Heidelberg Rd., Southsea.
C. M. Gerity, 4, Hey St., Cleethorpes, Lincs.
G. Gibson, 2, Broadgate, Coventry.
S. Gommersall, 6, Rock Terr., Biratall, Leeds.
Miss L. Goodchild, 22, Regent St., Dowlais, Glam.
P. C. Gould, 36, St. James Pl., Toxteth, L'pool.
G. H. Grace, 38, Olyffe Av., Welling, Kent.
A. Grant, 13, London Rd., Caterham.
A. W. Grant, 29, Daleburn Rd., London, S.W.
A. J. Gray, 44, High St., Lewisham.
C. Grove, 6, Parsons Fee, Aylesbury, Bucks.
F. Hall, 29a, Regent St., Rugby, Warwicks.
J. Hambley, Pengwern, Crylln St., Holyhead.
A. W. Hendry, 10, Brereton Rd., Bedford.
E. Huxley, 23, Heath Cres., Stockport.
C. Jones, 58, Alleyne Rd., Erdington, B'ham.
J. H. Jones, 22, Commercial St., Aberdare.
Mrs. E. Knight, 50, Wiltshire Rd., Brixton, S.W.
R. T. Langford, 16, Ernesettle Camp, St. Budeaux.
Miss P. Leggott, 1, Ennemere Av., Redbourne St., Hull.
A. H. Mainstone, Grange Rd., Bishopsworth.
Mrs. A. Mann, 93, John St., Workington.
E. Markham, 67, Chauncey St., Edmonton, N.
J. McGarry, 62, Causewayside, Edinburgh.
Mr. Mies, 107, Stanley Rd., Ilford.
J. Miller, 106, Midland Rd., Wellingborough.
E. Moon, Saglands, Reigate, Surrey.
Miss E. Morley, 9, Friendly St., Halifax.
J. Mutton, 128, Marrowbrook Lane, Farnborough, Hants
A. Nevard, "Windy Brow," Mile End Rd., Colchester.
F. G. Nield, 22, Church St., Whitehaven, Cumb'ld.
W. Oldham, 89, Casson St., Gorton, M/c.
A. Padley, 4, Henrietta St., Cheltenham.
J. Parker, 15, Rook St., Preston, Lancs.
H. Payne, 27, Underley St., Liverpool.
F. J. Perry, 56, Observatory St., Oxford.
Mrs. E. Pybus, 82, Endsleigh Gdns., Ilford.
A. H. Richards, 8, South St., Colchester.
J. Robb, 7, Albion Pl., Edinburgh.
E. Roberts, 15, Laburnum Grove, Portsmouth.
A. Roe, 46, Millfield Rd., Silva St., London, N.
F. T. Russell, 57, St. Silas Sq., Lozella, B'ham.
W. Russell, 16, Eagle St., Coventry.
T. Sandham, 68, Victoria St., Fleetwood.
J. E. Seaman, 13, Romany Rd., Norwich.
A. Simmonds, Offord Clnys, Huntingdon.
F. Southall, 19, Outram St., Stockton-on-Tees.
J. C. Smart, 14, Church St., St. Andrews, Fife.
H. Smith, 11, Albert Rd., Walthamstow, E.
F. G. Squibb, 27, Rosslyn Park Rd., Plymouth.
G. Stanley, 4, Alma Sq., Brooks Bar, M/c.
Miss Stewart, 22, High St., Ardersier.
M. Storey, 2, Percy Terr., Gosforth, Newcastle.
T. A. Taylor, 79, Station Rd., Keyham, Devonport.
Mrs. J. W. Thomas, 29, Windermere St., Hanley.
D. Thomas, 9, North Av., Maesycwmmer, Cardiff.
H. Victor, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex.
J. Waddington, 10, Midland Rd., Carlton, Nottingham.
W. Walker, Vale View, Harrington, Cumb'ld.
W. H. Watkins, 26, Ryelands St., Hereford.
C. Webb, Hobro, Wolverley, Kidderminster.
D. Webster, 63, Highfield Av., London, N.W.
Miss Wells, 120, Station Rd., Addlestone, Surrey.
J. Wilkinson, 89, North View, Eston, Yorks.
A. Wilson, 22, Kelvin St., Glasgow.
A. Worrall, 26, Finland Rd., Brockley, S.E.
Miss Wright, 6, Selsdon Rd., West Norwood, S.E.
J. Wright, 10, St. John's Rd., Cambridge.
C. Wright, 129, Pyle St., Newport, Isle of Wight.
W. Yates, 63, Model Village, Ingleton, Carnforth.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 609.

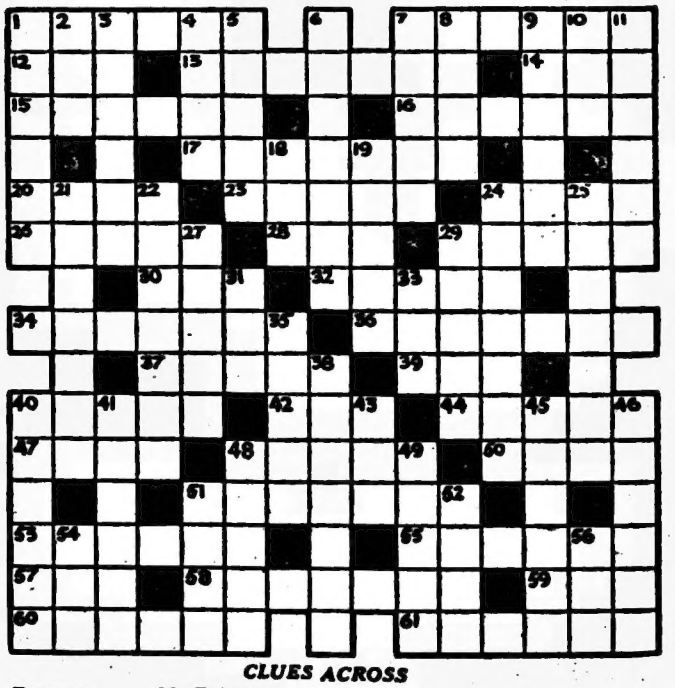
BRITISH INDUSTRY	HEARD AT HOME
SAID BY THE SEA	SEASIDE SWEETHEART
WHILE WE'RE ASLEEP	HOW TO LIVE
WITHOUT A CAR	FILLS THE BILL
WHAT THE DONKEY SAID	LAZILY
FATHER'S HOLIDAY	SAID TO THE LANDLADY
TWICE	FOR TUPPENCE
FINAL TEST	WISH I HADN'T
PLAYED OUT	MY SON
	MIXED BATHING

WHAT IS A BOARDING-HOUSE?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 35, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 19.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **609** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets." No. 609, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. 608.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Get Busy on This



CLUES ACROSS

1. Revenue.
7. Silly smile.
12. Scottish river.
13. Green stone.
14. A card game.
15. Method.
16. A nut.
17. Having left a will.
20. Between the ribs and haunch.
23. Name.
24. Kind of plant.
26. Small flat portion of a surface.
28. A darling.
29. Four grains.
30. Wooden vessel.
32. Fort.
34. Rattling noise.
36. Ensigns of royalty.
37. Japanese water-lily.
39. Moist.
40. Bury.
42. A collection.
44. Again.
47. Old.
48. Commence.
50. A cook.
51. Infernal.
53. A combat.
55. A gorge.
57. Employ.
58. Dignity of an earl.
59. Marshy ground.
60. To lie stretched out.
61. Examined.

CLUES DOWN

1. Reflexive pronoun.
2. Negative.
3. Pertaining to a bag.
4. To come to face with.
5. An ant.
6. Waste.
7. Stone used for writing upon.
8. Lazy.
9. The lapwing.
10. An age.
11. Gnawing animal.
18. A small quantity.
19. Change.
21. Young tree of Old England.
22. Piqued.
24. Extreme enthusiast.
25. To emit in divergent lines.
27. Teacher.
29. Imprisoned.
31. Wager.
33. Condensed atmospheric moisture.
35. Corroded.
38. Marine bird.
40. Poetic foot of two syllables.
41. Machine for stretching cloth.
43. Meaning "three."
45. Frugality.
46. To displease.
48. Take by theft.
49. A kind of playing card.
51. Killed.
52. Appellation.
54. Serpent.
56. Born.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 34.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints, Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send P.C. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 5, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency. — See Large Advert. on opposite page.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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200,000 PEOPLE enjoyed Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, etc., supplied by HORSFALLS' Christmas Club Agents last year. More agents wanted. 6/8 in £1 CASH comm. Experience unnecessary. No outlay. Goods Guaranteed. Particulars free. Write immediately.—Horsfalls, Dept. J.B., Quay, Lancaster.

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ACCORDIONS, Banjolins, Ukuleles, Concertinas, Mandolines, Autoharps, Violins, Phonosaddles, Banjos, Jazz Outfits. Terms.—Vickers Royal Hill, Greenwich.

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TENTS
FOR Gardens, Cricket and Camping Out. Get our Free Lists.—GASSON and SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 14d. stamps for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Cognor, Derby.

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STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Probyn Nutriment," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pitfright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots', or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d stamps for sample.

WALK WITH EASE with a Scholl Soxos-Sponge Rubber Foot Easer and enjoy outdoor life. 3/11 pair at Boots, Chemists, Shoe Retailers; or post free from Thornley & Booth, Ltd., Hyde, Cheshire.

"HOW TO BE WELL."—Packed full of useful information and simple home treatment. Price 1/-. Coutts and Sons, 6, Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C.2.

CONSTIPATION and Liver Troubles yield wonderfully to SPEZIA'S Treatment. Permanent results. Harmless. Supplied in Pill form at 1/3 box (post free 1/4½).—J. A. DYSON AND SON, 62, Gloucester Road, Brighton.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Dr. Watson's Tonic Stout announcement on page 24.

BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. Free book on doctors' approved treatment can be obtained on application to Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd., Dept. 69, 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS. Sufferers can obtain free treatise and treatment if they write to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd., Dept. E.A.8, 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Bensons, 215, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

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SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, greenfly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO." The Sure Killer.

SMOKING enjoyable, healthy, economical. Karab Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes. Also afford instant relief Asthma, Hay Fever. Mixture 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/9, 16 oz. 5/4. Cigarettes, 20 9d. Box-de-Luxe, 50 1/8, 100 3/3. Post free.—Karab Co., Collyweston, Stamford.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP—the World's "best" for cleaning carpets. Removes Dirt, Ink, Grease. 9d. at Stores. Sample 2d. stamp. Chivers, 87, Albany Works, Bath.

LASHING MEN'S PASSIONS. Pitfalls Devised for the decent-minded. A most impressive article by T. Bowen Partington in this week's "Health and Strength," 3d., from all newsagents, or 4d. post free, from J. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

A FREE Sample of "FORCE" Whole Wheat Flakes, melted and toasted.—Send Coupon on page 22.

TEN Shaves free. Simply fill in the Coupon in the Palmolive Shaving Cream advt. on page 23.

IMPORTANT free offer. A 6d. illustrated recipe book is offered free by Messrs. Angus Watson and Co., Ltd. 64, Sailor Gardens, Newcastle-on-Tyne, proprietors of "Sailor" Salmon Slice, in their advt. on page 26.

FOR best snapshots post your films to Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond Street, London, W.1, and mention *John Bull*.

£6,000 in Prizes! The proprietors of COW AND GATE MILK FOOD are presenting endowment policies of £100 each to the 60 best babies fed on this wonderful baby food. Entry form and full particulars from Dept. A.11, Cow and Gate House, Guildford, Surrey. Interesting details in advt. on page 25.

SMOKE PLANTERS CIGARETTES and obtain Free National Savings Certificates. Full particulars and five coupons free if *John Bull* is mentioned when applying to Miranda, Ltd., 130, New North Road, London, N.1.

GRATIS and Post Free, Illustrated Catalogue J.E.2, Dean Accle, Ltd., 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.1, will interest all photography enthusiasts.

Pipe Smokers! Try Craven "A" Mixture in the new handy 1oz. Red tin. CARRERAS LTD., 138 years' reputation for Quality.

Week ending Saturday, July 31, 1926, Twopence. Vol. XL. No. 1050.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Put-off.

Mr. Baldwin says the policy of the Government is still "what it has been." That's rubbish. The Government has never formulated a policy for coal mining and that's the root of all the trouble.

Inevitable.

Both parties to the mines dispute stand firm, both on opposite sides, refusing to climb down from the highest altitudes. Unless the bridge of reasonableness is taken both will be precipitated into the abyss.

The Writing on the Wall.

The sweeping Labour majority in the Wallsend by-election will probably do more to settle the coal dispute than all the previous negotiations. No Government that ever held office could afford to ignore such a peremptory message from the electorate.

It Doesn't Help.

We don't think much of men who, from the windows of the exclusive clubs, chivied miners' wives and daughters marching to Hyde Park to plead their cause. Threatened starvation calls for something more human than badinage.

Coal from Abroad.

That the foreigner would benefit temporarily through the coal stoppage was inevitable, but the benefit now looks like becoming permanent. German and Belgian coal traders are making it a condition of supply that British purchasers shall enter into very long contracts.

Follow the Gleam.

Statistics haven't made good reading lately, but that's due to the coal stoppage. The moment it is ended the clouds will break. We still believe in a coming trade boom.

The Education Axe.

Lord Eustace Percy's insistent "economy" demands upon local education authorities are having the effect we predicted. Having had its half-yearly estimates reduced by £12,000, the Hornsey committee may have to dismiss sixty-seven out of 210 teachers.

A Shabby Ideal.

The Board of Education is well aware of the consequences of its estimates-reducing policy. This is its round-about way of achieving its shabby ideal of classes of fifty for youngsters up to twelve, and forty for those over seventeen.

London Leads—and Lacks.

For the first time since the war provision of houses is overtaking normal requirements due to the growth of population. The middle classes are relieved; but the poor are still left herded in heaps.

Attack the Evil.

The problem of providing houses for the poor must be solved or terrible Nemesis will overtake all classes. There must be many more blocks of workmen's flats, at cheap rents.

Opportunity Knocks.

We need a second George Peabody to set the pace for local authorities. There are wealthy men who could give sites in both town and country. Humanity is calling. Who will answer?

"John Bull" Justified.

An overwhelming case for registration and inspection of nursing homes was found by the Select Committee. For the sake of patients and nurses alike let Parliament put through the necessary Bill without delay. Worse than the Mrs. Gamp of old is the modern Mrs. Gamp commercialised.

The Penny Franc.

That the franc should have dropped to a penny is a powerful argument for disarmament and the pursuit of peace. Largely it began with the French policy of military alliances and "keeping Germany down." Forbidden army and navy and "adventures," Germany has restored the mark.

That Stranglehold.

Food and work for our people await the right touch on the land. All we have from the Government is a new Small Holdings Bill that admirably serves two ends. Holdings will still be dear and hard to get, but the landowner is sure of getting a good price.

Blinking the Facts.

For small cultivators to flourish and multiply, the essentials are land at strictly agricultural value and large-scale efficient co-operation. The new Bill touches neither. There can be no recolonising of England till these realities are gripped.

Folly Rebuked.

The Ministry of Health won't sanction Birmingham's proposed reduction of 6d. a week on the rent of the subsidised house at the expense of the third bedroom. Quite right, too. Bedlam couldn't produce a more wrong-headed "economy."

Capital.

Hastings has a lower "new-born" mortality than most places and last year managed to cut down that mortality by more than half. When every town does likewise, lives to the tune of 14,000 can be saved each year.

"John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift
136 MORE CHEQUES
for Registered Readers

The Turned Page.

The refusal of Mr. Scrymgeour's request for a further enquiry into the death of Lord Kitchener might well serve as the final word. The repeated raising of this matter can serve no good purpose so late in the day, and it were better to leave the dead to rest in peace.

Science—and Quacks.

We commend the decision of the British Medical Association to appoint a committee to investigate and report upon psycho-analysis. Abnormal mentality should never be made the subject of wild experiment, and our law-makers need the advice of the expert.

A Necessary Reform.

Should any venture to oppose Lord Darling's Bill to render "rings" and "knock-outs" at auctions illegal, such a one will merely be confessing that he is on the side of the swindler. This pernicious procedure is simple and rank robbery.

Churchill's Hold-up.

A million-pound road was planned from Faversham to Acol, which would have absorbed hundreds of unemployed. The grant towards the cost has been jeopardised by the raid upon the Road Fund. Result—delay and continued unemployment.

The See-saw.

Bacon, eggs, and lard dearer, but cheese, butter, tea, sugar and potatoes "tend" lower. What we want to see is a fair level all round, and gambling speculation in foodstuffs ended.

Shortsighted Officialdom.

While silly regulations against selling ice-cream, chocolates and cigarettes are being enforced at our languishing seaside resorts, trains and boats to the Continent are crammed. Holidays are futile without freedom. If people can't find it here they go where they can.

The Laughing-stock.

Meanwhile the Government can "hold out no hopes" of any alteration this year. Vendors wish to sell, customers wish to buy, but red tape says "Thou shalt not." As a Gilbertian farce it would make a cat laugh.

Foxtrotting to Salvation.

Methodists have "lifted the ban" from dancing. The wonder is, not that religion should see "harm" in dancing, but that it should bother with it. Big work wants doing and the Church should inspire it.

We Do Improve.

How lads may be launched on a criminal career was pointed out by Judge Atherley Jones when he was compelled to send Sidney Morris Marks back to hard labour for breaking out of Pentonville. Marks, at fourteen, was sent to prison for stealing fowls. It's a sign of sanity that magistrates know better now.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Reform's Failure.

Sentenced at Marylebone to six months' imprisonment for picking pockets, William Johnson, aged sixty-two, was stated to have spent twenty-eight years in jail, and to have had at least one experience of the "cat." That our penal system "reforms" the criminal is an exploded myth.

Massacre of the New-born.

Out of 60,000 children born in England and Wales in 1922 no fewer than 8,000 died on the first day of life and 26,000 in the first four weeks. The infantile death-rate hardly diminishes from year to year. It is a damning indictment of our boasted civilisation.

A Widow's Gratitude.

"Allow me to express my thanks for the trouble you have taken on behalf of myself and children in getting for me the widow's pension after everyone else having failed" is the grateful message we have received from Mrs. Dustow, of St. Austell. Our readers' cause is JOHN BULL'S cause, and our reward is in such letters as this.

Gold in the Dustbin.

The Bradford Corporation is finding a fortune in rubbish. Marketing of the city's refuse, instead of burning it up, is saving the ratepayers £70,000 a year. Even dead cats and dogs have been found to possess a commercial value. There seems to be no reason why every municipality in the country should not adopt this sensible plan.

Rockefellers Stony.

Rockefeller's grandsons are "taught the value of money from their cradle." The eldest, now sixteen, complains that a poor farmer's boy has more freedom. The lad speaks true philosophy. True freedom is the liberty to earn one's bread by the sweat of the brow. Money in unlimited thousands means living in actual fetters.

Miner Minors.

Several boards of guardians in the mining districts are refusing assistance to pit-boys who have no voice in the conduct of the dispute. At Workington a lad of seventeen was wearing a piece of sacking for a shirt, a coat hanging in rags, stockings in shreds and no boots to his feet. Such cruel neglect contains no element of justice.

Wake Up, Hull!

Although his only child died three years ago, proper notification being given of the fact, school attendance officers at Hull persist in calling upon an invalided ex-soldier to know why the child is not attending school. Such mistakes are inexcusable. School attendance officers, no less than higher officials, are paid to have their lists correct.

Those "Terrible" Miners.

The sort of men miners are is shown by two at Rhos. A lad was drowned while bathing, but a miner named Reid exhausted himself in an effort to save him, and another miner, David Green, aged fifty, dived forty times for him. These are two of the "terrible" miners we hear about from comfortably situated people who think a pit is the place behind their stalls in a theatre.

Ancient and Modern.

Many times when he was a younger man, old William Mitchell, of Mitcham, put on the gloves for a bout with Tom Sayers and the Tipton Slasher. Now, at ninety-three, he does eight hours work with the best, and during the forty years he has worked for the Sutton Council has never once turned up late at his job. A fine example some of the modern old men are to the young.

The "Dressing" of Death.

Following on the fatal disaster to a well-known sportswoman, we now learn of the death of Hilda Browne, twenty, of Warrington, owing to the catching fire of spirit with which she was having her hair dressed in her father's saloon. The use of such dangerous dressings must be prohibited by law, since it seems that people are not to be trusted to take even elementary precautions.

Starvation Wages.

Native postal workers in India are sweated, not only by the sun, but by a Government which expects a lot for a little. Ordinary letter-carriers draw 30s. a month; the higher grades £3 10s., shortly to be reduced to £3. When every allowance is made for the Indian's mode of living these figures mean little else than starvation.

A Frightful Prospect!

The Duke of Sutherland says that flying should not be merely the pastime of the rich, but of everyone, and the only way to make that come to pass is to bring its possibilities to the notice of the general public. Better would it be if noble dukes helped people to see the possibilities of mother earth, where, at the present time, thousands more should be working.

Fruits of Neglect.

When a number of small boys were charged at West Ham with pilfering from farm lands at Dagenham, Essex, too little attention was paid to parents' complaints that owing to lack of school accommodation the youngsters were apt to "run wild." The fact is that the apathy and neglect of the Essex County Council are producing evils which it will take a generation to cure.

Squeezing the Poor.

At the monthly meeting of the West Derby Board of Guardians one member, Mr. Martin, proposed that the scale of relief for Liverpool district should be lowered. Mr. C. Devlin, another member, strongly opposed this suggestion, saying: "Already the children are half starved and if you cut another 3s. off the 25s. that we allow the deserving cases with large families, then you are sending the children into our hospitals!" We endorse these sentiments.

The Human Machine

Lightning Flashes

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

"YOU may," said Chesterton in one of his books, "look at a thing ninety-nine times without noticing it. If you look at it for the hundredth time you are in terrible danger of seeing it for the first time."

We do not, of course, see a quarter of the things we look at. They are so familiar that we know what they are from the vaguest impression of them.

We do not see ourselves. We do not, very often, bother to look. We think we know.

If ever we do take the trouble to have a really good look at ourselves with our spiritual vision we are in danger of seeing that terrible thing—the truth.

I have in mind a man who is losing his grip on life for lack of this lightning flash of self-revelation. He is always grumbling that he cannot "get on." He fumes and rages about everybody and everything. He blames this, that and the other for his narrow life. He never dreams of accusing himself.

AND yet the only trouble is that he is firmly anchored to the past. He looks back at past achievements and nurses grudges. He dreams in the past instead of living in the present.

He is tight bound by the chains of memory, but though he has often looked at those chains he has never seen them for what they are.

He mistakes fetters for self-bestowed laurel-wreaths, and does not realise that the garlands of self-praise with which he surrounds himself are only mental handcuffs.

One day he will see himself for the first time and be appalled.

I leave it to you to interpret this parable as you

Cleansed by Conscience.

The good in Ernest John Bloxham, a french polisher of Shoreditch, must greatly outweigh the bad, since his conscience pricked him to such an extent that four years after committing the offence he voluntarily confessed to having stolen a duplicator from an unattended office. The magistrate discharged him with a few kindly words. We would willingly trust Bloxham with property to much greater value than a duplicator.

In the Public Eye.

Cameron Doodson, a member of the Colne Town Council and the Burnley Board of Guardians, is a married man, and, in addition, the father of the illegitimate baby of a Colne woman, with whom he has been walking out. Public men of his type do not add to the moral reputation of the district they serve, and Colne electors should make note of the fact that Doodson has been found out.

Firearms and Crime.

There's a challenge to Scotland Yard in the remarks of Mr. H. R. Oswald who acted as coroner at the inquest on William Carter, a Hammersmith taxi-driver, who shot himself. Carter made another in the long series of cases in which firearms are concerned and where the user had no licence. Police regulations are being evaded with impunity. In the interests of the public, drastic measures are urgently needed.

Slackness Somewhere.

Sad indeed is the loss of Henry Tindale and James Gallaghan, two gallant lads of the Batley Fire Brigade, who through the snapping of the bottom length of a ladder were flung from the top of a 50-ft. escape while at practice drill. Fire-saving apparatus should be beyond reproach. If the fate of these young men leads to greater vigilance in testing such machinery they will not have died in vain.

A Monstrous Refusal.

When Frederick Field, of Llandovery, returned from work he found his house on fire. In a short time it was completely gutted and this ex-Service man, with his wife and two children, were rendered homeless. There happened to be a vacant and unlet house in the district, but when Mr. Field applied for possession he was coldly refused "because of the children." A refusal in such circumstances is as callous as it is preposterous.

Pound Foolish.

Common-sense as well as justice is dispensed in Bloomsbury County Court. A London motor accessories firm wanted to drag Mr. R. C. Armstrong 552 miles from and to Houghton, Northumberland, to answer a claim for 5s. They were warned that if they failed to justify their claim they would have to pay Mr. Houghton's expenses, but they persisted. Not a shred of their evidence could be accepted, and they will have to pay. It serves them right.

Why Burglars Go Free.

Mr. Justice McCardie has drawn attention to a fact previously referred to in JOHN BULL that the police are too busy setting traps for motorists and other minor offenders to catch criminals. Only 57,374 out of 112,574 cases of known crime were brought to book in 1924, yet 123,774 motorists were tried. Although 232 motorists were summoned for "dangerous driving" on the Great West Road, only eleven were convicted. Meanwhile, the burglar burgles undisturbed.

Cruel Quackery Fraud.

Edwin James Clair, a music-hall artiste, recently set himself up in Colne Market as a doctor, offering a specific for neuritis and lumbago called "Lievin." He offered a month's treatment for a shilling, declaring that elsewhere it would cost £4 10s. an ounce. Analysis showed the ingredients to be worth little more than a farthing and quite useless for treating the ailments mentioned. This quack, whose record includes thirteen similar offences, has been fined £5. He escaped lightly.

That Foolish "Now."

Dr. J. A. Nairn says that "schools are *now* strongholds of social exclusiveness and nurseries of snobbishness." It is less so to-day than ever before. The winning of scholarships opens many a door to poorer lads of brilliance, and the scout movement and the like are fast undermining snobbery. That "now" proves Dr. Nairn to be but a shallow thinker and a mischievous talker.

Only ex-Service Men.

Though the Brighton Council itself trades in various ways on Sundays, though catering accommodation is strained to breaking-point, and though the tenants of arches are permitted to carry on, beach traders have been forbidden to sell on the Sabbath. Quite a number of these are ex-Service men, which, perhaps, is why it is accounted safe to victimise them with impunity.

"Plain Mr. York."

Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, chairman of directors of the famous York cocoa firm, told some visiting members of the Wesleyan Conference that all their own industrial troubles vanished when smoked and talked over round a table, and he marvelled that the whole country should be held to ransom because a dozen men couldn't agree as to what constitutes fair play for the miners. He forgets that all employers have not the good sense and inherent love of justice of "Plain Mr. York."

He Gave his Life.

Mrs. Lola Montgomery, wearing heavy widow's weeds, with her two young children, made a pathetic figure when she landed in this country from Mexico City. To celebrate Empire Day, her husband took his brother for a boating trip, and both were drowned. Montgomery could easily have saved himself, but gave his life in trying to save his brother who could not swim. The children lost their father, but they will keep a memory. The nobly born are not the only noble.

Workless, but Parents Still.

Age-old is the Glasgow tradition that once a year even the poorest bairn must have its "trip doon the watter." So, though men and women must pledge their last few treasures and visit the moneylender, and forgo the weekly dole or poor relief, the kiddies get their seaside trip oblivious of the tragedy of self-sacrifice needed to secure it. Greater still is the tragedy of continued unemployment that leaves well-meaning, industrious parents in such a hopeless fix.

The Ungallant Youth.

Alfred Beck, aged twenty-two, is a stupid and ill-mannered fellow, who aims, we fancy, rather at notoriety than morality. Stating that the skirt of Maud Elizabeth Evans was shorter than it should be, Alfred approached her as she stood in a public thoroughfare of Worcester, told her to go home, and smacked her across the face. The 7s. 6d. fine, though insufficient punishment in our opinion, might yet serve to draw his attention to his own beams and away from others' motes.

Real Justice.

A poor woman at Saltaire, with no desire to end her days within the workhouse gates, and doing her best to keep her home together, was caught trespassing to pick a little coal, and hauled before the magistrates. As the chairman (Mr. J. G. Mowat) listened to her sad story his great heart was touched. The charge was dismissed and he helped the woman from his own pocket, an act that will bring its own reward.

Mother-love.

The love of a mother is the same the country over, and ever a subject for reverence and awe. At Blackburn a woman threw herself in front of a motor-car to save her boy, and was severely injured, though the lad escaped. Again, Mrs. Gertrude Howard, of Edmonton, was knocked down and badly hurt, though she managed to protect the baby she was carrying so effectively with her body that it was practically unscathed. Where her child is concerned, a mother is just the pluckiest thing on God's brave earth!

"Monomark" Misused.

A bright gentleman who signs himself B.M./B.A.C.F., and is offering "genuine information about a stock exchange share" to anyone who will send him 20s., cannot have read his "monomark" conditions very carefully. "Perhaps you do not know what a monomark is," runs his circular. He needs to be reminded that the use of a private monomark for commercial purposes constitutes a breach of trust.

Foreign Food Campaign.

The Civil Service Supply Association, Ltd., has recently issued a circular letter pointing out that it has secured the special agency for Swedish "Crispbread." The letter speaks of a "national campaign" to bring this food into "general use." British bakers watching this "national" campaign for pushing foreign bread might do a little thinking about the relation of competition and profiteering.

A Doorstep Diddler.

A man who gave his name as B. A. Britain and his address as 163, South Lambeth Road, S.W.8, called upon a Thornton Heath reader. An order was booked for various articles, and our reader paid 5s. by way of deposit. He has heard nothing more and a letter of enquiry has been returned from the Lambeth Road address marked "Not known—Gone away." "Cash on Delivery" is now law, and its use would check dishonest touts.

Oily Wiles.

Great strides have been made recently in refining crude oil, with the result that the petrol recovered is now 37.19 per cent. instead of last year's figure of 35.13 per cent. The result is that hundreds of millions of gallons more petrol is being produced in the world. But is the public to benefit? "No serious decline in prices is anticipated, however, owing to the strong controlling influences at work," says a Stock Exchange expert. Now we know!

The Man Goes Free!

"Is he to go unpunished?" asked Muriel Davis, referring to Albert Barrowcliffe, of Linton, when they were charged with the murder of their illegitimate child. The woman stated that the baby died in her arms, and she dropped its body into the Trent. As it had not been found, they were discharged; but the girl was ordered to a home for three years for making false statements when registering the birth. The man was married, a friend of her father, and had treated her abominably; yet—he goes free. Oh, the injustice of it!

An Amazing Fall.

We share the astonishment of the Lord Chief Justice at the fall of Jane Lovett, who lived a life of rectitude till she was sixty-nine years of age, and then was found guilty of obtaining two sums of money by false pretences, and of forging a bill of sale. As she had already been in custody for five months, the judge bound her over. But what amazes us more than all is that a woman described as of independent means, who had lived a blameless life for so long, should not have been granted bail. It is a scandal and a shame.

The Question Answered?

In a contemporary we came across a number of letters from readers as to whether they would fight again for their country in case of war. Turning the page, we read of an ex-soldier named Cullen, who had been found in a state of collapse on Hastings front. The medical officer of the Royal East Sussex Hospital diagnosed it as a case of starvation, and when the poor fellow was sufficiently recovered he stated that he had no home and had wandered a hundred miles in search of work. We will not insult the intelligence of our readers by drawing the moral.

YOU NEED A HOLIDAY!
148 HOLIDAY PRIZES
See page 35.
LET "BULLETS" PAY FOR IT!

Problems of Life

False Reputation

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has been saying lately that there have been but a dozen immortals among men of literary genius in the last 2,500 years.

Rudyard Kipling

He is careful not to say who they are, but his statement might hold good of workers in other fields.

Reputations are curiously dependent upon fortuitous circumstances.

"Who knows," says the seventeenth-century writer, Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici," "whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?"

It is a commonplace that one generation stones a prophet and the next builds his sepulchre; but how if the prophet have left no record and no disciples?

John Henry Newman would have died a forgotten and disappointed man if Kingsley had not attacked him and called forth his famous defence.

Oliver Cromwell was on the point of sailing for New England when a royal order stopped the ship from weighing anchor. We should never have heard of him if he had gone.

George Washington would have remained in the retirement he loved, and his name would never have been inscribed on the roll of fame, if King George III. had been wiser in his treatment of the American colonies.

Even Shakespeare was of small esteem in his own day compared with the towering eminence of his name as viewed by after generations.

POPULAR idols occupy insecure thrones, as we see from the way in which able men in various spheres rise and fall with change of circumstances or the fickleness of fortune.

The truth is seldom fully told even in the best of biographies. What the public believes about a man and what his intimates know may be ludicrously different.

He may be as mean and selfish as he is believed to be magnanimous and noble, or *vice versa*. He may be credited with great qualities he does not possess, or less than justice may be done him in the opinion of those outside his own immediate circle.

Does it matter? I think not. Ill is it with him who puts his peace in pawn to popular favour.

ON the whole, we get as much respect and love as we deserve, and it is better to be worthy of a secure place in the affections of the few who know us best than to be applauded by a multitude that knows us not.

And if conscience approve our doings—more especially if those nearest to us, and whose opinion we value, endorse the verdict—we can afford to disregard the misunderstandings and affronts that may be our portion from the world outside.

A TOURIST FRAUD

A CONTINENTAL "TRIP"

Rogue who Should be Caught

NOW is the time when holiday rampers make their harvest. Attractive schemes are put forward, and it behoves the public to make enquiries before making hasty arrangements or they may be stranded

A CRUEL hoax has been perpetrated by a rogue who is still at large, and whose activities would appear to warrant the fullest attention of the police.

He is a person who has been passing under the name of Dr. Green. In this name he took an office in Buckingham Street, Strand, and proceeded to advertise wonderful, cheap tours on the Continent.

The tours, which were really extremely cheap, had a particular attraction for people with limited means at their disposal, who could not afford to pay the sums asked by other agencies for similar trips.

Dr. Green, whose business was called "Dr. Green's Touring Agency," obtained his fees, which ranged from £15 15s., in advance in most cases.

Safer through the post

In return his clients were served with the necessary travelling vouchers, together with a full list of instructions as to what to do and what to see in France, Belgium and the battlefields.

As most of the business of the concern was transacted through the medium of the post, the prospective dupes of Dr. Green did not see his headquarters.

Had they done so it is safe to say that they would have kept their cash, for the headquarters of "Dr. Green's Touring Agency" consisted of one solitary room, which he used more as an accommodation address than anything else.

Nevertheless, Dr. Green's manner in dealing with prospective clients implied that his organisation was perfect and his project gigantic, to say the least of it.

The holiday-makers were to journey to Ostend in the first place, where they were to be met by Dr. Green's couriers, and where cars were to be in readiness to take them on an elaborate Continental tour.

These couriers, it was stated, would personally conduct the tourists throughout the period of their sojourn on the Continent.

Smoothing the way

They were most efficient guides, as they spoke several languages and had intimate knowledge of the routes covered, together with interesting historical information concerning all the towns to be visited—in short, they were to make the paths of the tourists smooth and enjoyable.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Green's holiday proposition aroused considerable interest. Scotland and the Midlands provided him with many clients, who paid their money cheerfully and looked forward to a splendid holiday.

All the clients were duly given a ticket for Ostend on the appointed dates, and instructed to apply for further tickets at the branch agency there.

On the face of it everything appeared to be quite satisfactory. The happy holiday-makers set off on their tour expecting to enjoy the holiday of their lives.

But they were soon to learn that they had been tricked in a cruel manner by the engaging Dr. Green. All went well until the travellers arrived at Ostend. Then a bombshell exploded in their midst!

A distressing dilemma

There were no efficient couriers waiting at the stipulated meeting-place. There were no couriers at all, and the promised cars were also conspicuous by their absence.

When they came to make enquiries their dilemma became still more distressing.

Nobody had ever heard of Dr. Green or his famous touring agency, and the unfortunate holiday-makers were stranded in a strange town across the Channel.

They got home the best way they could, only to find that the bird had flown, leaving no clue as to his whereabouts.

Scotland Yard was informed by some of the deluded victims and their sad stories were taken note of by police officers.

Complaints, too, have been lodged at various police-stations throughout the country, and in view of the large number of people who have been duped it is surely reasonable to suppose that some action is contemplated?

Rascal who should be hooked

The British Consul at Ostend, who assisted some of the stranded tourists to get back home, has ample proof of the fact that there is no branch office of Dr. Green's Touring Agency in that town.

In these circumstances why is Dr. Green not brought to book? Has Scotland Yard done nothing beyond taking down particulars of some of the unfortunate people whom he has so cruelly hoaxed?

It seems preposterous that the ingenious rascal who perpetrated this cruel fraud should still be at large. We respectfully suggest to the Public Prosecutor that he looks into the matter at once.

We can think of no meaner form of fraud than one which robs hard-working people, not only of their cash, but also of the holiday they have looked forward to for months.

The fact that Green has so far succeeded in escaping justice may very easily prompt some other persons to follow his example of preying upon holiday-makers in this heartless fashion.

That is why we urge insistently that he should be found and made to answer for his crime.

A FUNNY FEDERATION

HOUSE-HUNTERS SOLD AGAIN

The Vanishing Cottages

NO schemes are so likely to attract as those dealing with the housing problem. This is appreciated by those who come forward with remedies. Promises of ambitious prospectuses do not always materialise

THERE have been many attempts to solve the housing problem, but few more ambitious than that made by a concern known as The Home-seekers Federation, Ltd., of 17-19, Castle Street, Cardiff.

Under the happy slogan "Homes for All," this concern set out to remove "all obstacles" from the path of the home-seeker by presenting "a straightforward and sound system of immediate purchase, within the means of all who are desirous of owning their own house."

It was careful to point out that other systems of house-purchase, such as building societies, private mortgage and house-purchase companies, all had their disadvantages.

But its own proposition, apparently, was ideal.

"This scheme," they declare, "makes a strong appeal to those who desire to secure a house for immediate occupation. There are no houses to let and there will not be any to rent for many years, but there are plenty for sale with vacant possession."

Only a small deposit of £15 was required for each £100 worth of property, and repayments could be made on easy terms.

The feature that was made most of, however, was that a house could be obtained immediately.

A high-sounding scheme

One would naturally suppose that a company with such admirable and ambitious projects would be capable of carrying out its part of the scheme satisfactorily.

Reference to Somerset House shows that the company was formed in September, 1922, to establish in London and elsewhere the business of "mortgage brokers, house and estate agents, house investment purchase, estate investors, builders, development agents," and so on.

Power was also taken to transact railway, motor and other insurance business (except business within the scope of the Assurance Companies Act, 1909).

Confidence shaken

A truly ambitious programme, but its nominal capital was originally only £1,000, in £1 shares, being increased to £1,500 in February, 1923. The latest available return shows that 1,392 shares have been issued.

But what, in effect, has the Home-seekers' Federation, Ltd., accomplished?

Judging from some recent proceedings against it at Cardiff County Court it has hardly developed into a great success, in spite of its confident assertions in its printed matter.

In the proceedings referred to, two claims were made against the Home-seekers Federation, Ltd., by disappointed clients.

In the first action a gentleman named James Harding Gammon, of Spring Gardens Terrace, Cardiff, claimed the sum of £60.

It was stated on his behalf that he had been attracted by an advertisement of the concern and in November, 1924, had paid over the sum of £60 by way of deposit for the proposed purchase of a house under the federation's scheme.

The broken contract

In spite of the fact that so much had been made of the benefits of "immediate" purchase which the system afforded, the unfortunate home-seeker was forced to cool his heels once he had parted with his money.

It was stated in court that several interviews had taken place and he had been referred to several firms of solicitors who were said to be acting on behalf of the Home-seekers Federation.

But he was unable to obtain any satisfaction. The hoped-for house had never materialised, and he had received no consideration whatever for his £60.

Mr. Gammon maintained that this money had been paid as deposit on a house that was to cost £400. He had selected the house and notified the federation.

In other words, he had performed his part of the contract, but it had neglected its part and put him off with excuses. His deposit had not been refunded.

Better to stay away?

In the other case brought against the Home-seekers Federation the Rev. Philip Josiah Jones, of Richards Terrace, Cardiff, complained that he had paid £101 14s. 6d. to the federation in October, 1925, and £35 later in the same month, in respect of a transaction which it had not completed.

He had, however, been successful in obtaining a refund amounting to £65 10s. 6d., and was now claiming for a return of the balance, £71 4s.

For some reason best known to itself the Home-seekers Federation, Ltd., did not put in an appearance at court to contest these very serious claims against it.

Did it consider it wiser to let judgment be registered against it by default rather than have its curious methods of business thrashed out in open court?

In any case, the federation's methods should be sufficient warning to intending clients of the concern in the future.

In spite of its assurances about "immediate purchase of houses," the nature of the two cases at Cardiff proves beyond all doubt that as an aid to home-seekers the federation leaves much to be desired.

HOLROYD'S FRESH VICTIM

ARTFUL ALBERT ARTHUR AT IT AGAIN!

A Perilous Partner

THREE years ago a gentleman named Mr. Pye commenced trading as "Electro-Factors," his business being situate at 8, Hyde Park Mews. He worked hard, and through his energy and ability gradually built up a very lucrative business.

After a time the concern developed to such an extent that the capital Mr. Pye had put into it originally was insufficient.

He therefore began to look about him for a suitable partner, and in September, 1925, another gentleman came in with him.

The advent of the newcomer was marked by some very curious effects. These effects were far-reaching, and were quickly felt by various people who had dealings with the firm of Electro-Factors.

Take, for example, the experience of a company which had executed most of the printing orders for Electro-Factors.

New partner's methods

Prior to the arrival of the new partner, this company had always been paid for its services—in fact, at the time of the change the only item outstanding in its account with Electro-Factors was an item of 15s.

But from September onwards the printers found it extraordinarily difficult to obtain settlement. They were still given plenty of orders, however, and by degrees their account mounted up to a greatly increased figure.

All their efforts to obtain their money were unsuccessful.

This remarkable and unpleasant experience was shared by a company dealing in electrical supplies. This company had done business with Electro-Factors from its inception, and the opinion was formed that it was a promising concern.

But when the new partner came upon the scene this opinion began to alter.

"From that date," states an official of the company, "we had the greatest difficulty in obtaining remittances and cheques were returned very frequently."

Costly delay

By refusing to deliver further supplies of goods, this company was successful in forcing Electro-Factors to meet several of its returned cheques.

After a time, however, this method began to grow ineffective. The firm then refused point blank to deliver any further supplies of goods.

It is a great pity that they did not take this step sooner, for to-day they are left with an outstanding account of nearly £1,000.

The outcome was that Electro-Factors at last went into liquidation, and in the course of the bankruptcy proceedings Mr. Pye attributed the failure of the company to the irregularities of his late partner, who could not be traced.

What is the explanation of this astonishing state of affairs?

Who, then, is this mysterious partner, who proved so disastrous to what was looked upon as a sound and flourishing concern?

He was none other than "Arthur Walton," whom we recently exposed in connection with his activities in the High Holborn Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of 82, Avenue, Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.

And "Arthur Walton" is really that audacious financier named Albert Arthur Holroyd. He has dabbled in countless shady ventures to the regret of all who have been led to put their faith in him.

His association with Electro-Factors is merely another of his rascally operations, and on looking more closely into the details of the matter we have discovered some truly remarkable facts.

When the printing firm to which we have referred was pressing for payment of its account with Electro-Factors a reply was received from Walton, written on the notepaper of a concern called the J.B. Manufacturing Company, Ltd.

The address of this concern was the same as that of the High Holborn Manufacturing Company, Ltd., but that was not the only curious part about the matter.

Two directors' names had been crossed out on the notepaper and the name of "A. Walton" had been typed in.

The letter was dated February 13, yet a communication from the J.B. Manufacturing Co., Ltd., dated eleven days afterwards, bore the names of the two directors, which had previously been erased, whilst the name of Walton did not appear at all!

Curious contradiction

The printers ultimately issued a writ in respect of their claim, and the notice of appearance gave the names of Ernest Arthur Pye and Arthur Walton, trading as Electro-Factors, as defendants.

Yet, in a subsequent communication, written by William Drake, of 45, Chancery Lane, W.C.—the solicitor who signed the notice of appearance—it is stated that "Mr. Walton is not a partner in the firm."

This curious contradiction is perhaps not so curious when one learns that Mr. Drake has since been suspended for a period of twelve months for "irregularities."

We are sorry indeed that Holroyd has claimed yet another batch of victims.

He has been exposed in these columns again and again, and we have grown tired of asking why he is permitted to continue his plundering career unchecked.

On the face of it it looks as if the law were powerless to stop him. Where is he now? It is not unlikely that, even at this moment, he is engaged in some fresh escapade.

It is an altogether scandalous and ridiculous state of affairs. Holroyd should be found and made to answer for his past misdeeds.

In this connection we shall be only too pleased to place all the facts in our possession at the disposal of the authorities. Will they act now?

Sir Archibald Bodkin, K.C., the Public Prosecutor, whom we invite to keep an eye on the activities of Holroyd

Bountiful Burgesses

Ratepayers Hard Hit

BELFAST is paying 12s. 6d. for a twopenny job which somebody offered to do for 1s.!

At first glance this statement may strike one as a somewhat far-fetched Irish "bull"; but actually it has been so stated.

It is not so long since the city of Belfast was in a turmoil over its colossal housing scandal.

At a recent meeting Councillor McClure announced that he had gone into the question of prices for work being done on a certain section of the tramway system.

A subject to avoid

He had discovered that each hole drilled in the rails cost 12s. 6d., yet a competent contractor had assured him that the operation probably cost 2d.!

He had asked for a report as to how many holes had been drilled on these terms, but the report had avoided the subject. Later he obtained the information from the tramway engineer, who informed him that the number was 970.

Then, according to Mr. McClure, came an admission from the tramway manager to the effect that he had known of the figures all along, but that they were much lower than those in the next tender.

When 970 holes had been drilled at 12s. 6d. each it was discovered that there were a thousand other holes which did not appear in the contract. The engineer admitted that these could have been anticipated and included in the specification.

Extraordinary comparisons

Why the council rejected a tender of 1s. per hole in favour of one for 12s. 6d. is incomprehensible. A few other comparisons are equally remarkable.

In the accepted tender the figure for temporary paving is £1, yet a quotation as low as 2s. 6d. was received. In the same way £4 was paid for other work as against 19s., £3 10s. as against 16s., and £5 as against £1 2s. 6d.

Belfast ratepayers should demand a public enquiry to ascertain why their their money is being thus squandered.

Cook's Cruel Catch

Girl Cruelly Duped

A YOUNG Irish girl, who resided with her aunt in Cork, was attracted by an advertisement concerning appointments on ocean liners.

She forwarded 3s. 6d. for particulars to the advertiser, H. Cook, of Ship Street, Brighton, and in due course received some printed matter.

She contrived to scrape up a further 3s. 6d, asked for, and was overjoyed when a communication eventually arrived telling her to go to the P. & O. offices in Leadenhall Street, London.

Shattered hopes

She tarried only long enough to save her fare and left Ireland with high hopes for her future. Alas! those hopes were quickly shattered.

When she called at the shipping offices, she was informed that nothing was known of the matter, and that Cook's of Brighton had no authority to give information concerning posts in the company.

Crushed and heartbroken, the poor girl staggered out into the streets, hardly knowing which way to turn. She had no friends in London and was absolutely penniless.

After spending a forlorn night in wandering about in the pouring rain she was befriended by a man who took her home to his wife.

These good people fed her and made her as comfortable as they could, and bit by bit she told them her painful story.

What we know

The gentleman, being a reader of JOHN BULL, hastened to lay the facts before us, remarking that we would "know all about" Cook's advertisements.

We do! We have had occasion before this to make strong comment upon his methods. H. Cook has been practising his fee-snatching ramp for some years, and it is a gross scandal that he has not been stopped.

It is to be hoped that the publicity afforded him in the above sad story will be a warning and result in people who desire a seafaring life dealing direct with the shipping companies.

TWISTING A WIDOW

A BRAZEN YOUNG ROGUE

Professional Charity-mongering

FOR some time JOHN BULL has been keeping an eye on the activities of Joseph Atkinson, of 23, Clarendon Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, whose swindling proclivities mainly comprise the embezzlement of funds subscribed for charitable purposes.

His most heartless fraud was brought to light a few weeks ago, when finding that he was on the point of launching an ambitious scheme for raising funds on a wholesale scale, the Manchester City police lost no time in bringing him finally to book.

Atkinson was then found to have defrauded of all her savings a poor war widow who had treated him as her son's friend and former playmate.

Until a few months ago, Atkinson was for some years in the service of the Manchester Corporation, and made use of his position to gain the confidence of those he deceived.

A big scam

On giving up his duties at the town hall, Atkinson was appointed organiser at the Ancoats Hospital, and although his duties there only began this year, others to whom he has since submitted particulars of his experience might infer that he was responsible for raising nearly £30,000 for the hospital.

Mrs. Jones, of Prestage Street, Longsight, the widow whom Atkinson fleeced of her savings so mercilessly, first knew him as a boy of fifteen. He is now twenty-five.

In March, 1924, he told her that he was about to invest £400 in a cotton-mill on his mother's behalf, and Mrs. Jones was persuaded to add £100 to make a round £500.

Callous impudence

After handing over the money Mrs. Jones received from Atkinson several requests for driblets of two or three pounds at a time, and she eventually parted with a further £17 10s.

All that she has received back is £10 and a cheque for £25 which was dishonoured. When she applied for her money, all she could get from Atkinson was an impudent letter telling her to wait.

"The greatest concert Manchester has ever known," held on January 6 last, heralded Atkinson's downfall. Advertised as being in aid of the Lord Kitchener Homes and Hostels, it was organised by Atkinson.

In addition to a considerable sum taken at the doors, advance bookings realised £172 10s. 3d. Another concert, at Bolton realised £43 7s.

But of all the money raised at these two concerts, the Lord Kitchener Homes and Hostels received only £50 from Atkinson.

The police found that he had been using the money for such purposes as repaying his personal loans, and investigations showed that he had misappropriated not less than £128.

Atkinson tried to obtain by false pretences £100 from a young man whom he engaged to assist him with the organisation of the concerts. This young man received neither the salary nor expenses due to him.

Atkinson was arrested on June 25 when about to pass the printer's proof of an elaborate brochure entitled "The Atkinson Service."

By this expensively printed literature he hoped to engage the attention of all who might care to avail themselves of his "expert professional services" as a charity organiser.

He pleaded guilty at the Manchester City police court and was sent to prison on July 2 for nine months.

The widow ruined

Had he not admitted the defalcations there is no doubt that the case would have gone to the Assizes, where he would in all probability have received a much heavier sentence as there were several other charges with which the police did not proceed.

His sentence, however, is no consolation for poor Mrs. Jones, the woman whom he deceived so mercilessly, and her all with which she intended to set up her son in business is lost.

A SAILOR'S S.O.S.

SCANDAL OF STOPPED PENSIONS

Wake Up, Whitehall!

FIVE months ago—on March 1 to be precise—we received from ex-A.B. William Atkins, of 117, Brunswick Street, Leicester, a letter stating that, although both his feet are paralysed as the result of an accident while on duty, he has no pension.

We decided to investigate the case, and despatched our Special Commissioner to confirm Mr. Atkins' statement by a personal call. Our representative afterwards proceeded to the Ministry of Pensions at Acton.

No record of Mr. Atkins could be found there, and we were referred to the secretariat at Westminster.

In due course, a letter, dated March 19, came from the Ministry of Pensions, intimating that as the matter concerned a pension arising from pre-war service, it would be considered by the Admiralty.

Two months later, no news having been received from the Admiralty, we sent a polite reminder. Still no reply was forthcoming.

Still waiting!

We wrote again on June 16, and at last we had a telephone call assuring us that we might expect a letter from Whitehall in a few days, but up to the time of going to press no further news has been forthcoming.

Mr. Atkins enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1909, as a boy. In 1913 he had the misfortune to be in a picket-boat which collided with a harbour tug, and his legs and chest were trapped in a paddle-wheel.

His injuries were such that he was forthwith invalided from the service He is permanently disabled and has to wear surgical boots and leg irons.

For a time Mr. Atkins received a small pension which was reassessed each year.

Blighted hopes

On November 25, 1920, when he received a notification that he had been awarded a permanent pension of 4s. 1d. per week, he thought, naturally, that he would be assured of this amount for life and that no longer would he have to suffer the ordeal of hobbling before medical boards. He was soon disillusioned.

Various illnesses necessitated his admittance to the war pensions hospital at Leicester, and while there his permanent pension suddenly ceased, the last ring stamp being dated September 14, 1921.

While in hospital, Atkins naturally was anxious for the welfare of his wife and children. Not only was his pension stopped, but his wife had to fend for herself and the children.

The excuse offered him was that, as a pre-war man, he was not entitled to any allowances for his family. On the same grounds—if there are any grounds—we suggest, it might be argued that as a pre-war man he should not have been treated in a war pensions hospital.

When Atkins remonstrated regarding the stoppage of his so-called permanent pension, he was told that he could not appeal while an in-patient. When he came out of hospital, he was told that it was too late for him to appeal, and a gratuity of £5 was all he received.

The questions which we addressed to the Ministry of Pensions and to which the Admiralty are so dilatory in replying are :—

Why was the permanent pension of 4s. 1d. per week stopped ?

Why were no allowances paid for his wife and children during the long period he was in hospital ?

A sad plight

Why has he received no pension after undergoing three operations and being informed that his disablement is assessed at 30 per cent. ?

His unemployment benefits are exhausted, one of his children is ill, and Mrs. Atkins, a factory worker, has been on short time.

And nearly five years have elapsed since he drew even the odd penny of that paltry weekly pittance!

A Fishy Concern

Cod-liver Oil Catch

A WATFORD reader sought our advice a month or two ago in respect of a business transaction which had turned out unsatisfactorily.

He stated that on October 26 last year he forwarded a postal order for 18s. to R. Colbridge, of Riby Street, Grimsby, together with an order for some cod-liver oil.

Not receiving any acknowledgment of his order he sent a reminder, which was treated with the same stony silence. Five more "reminders" were sent by our reader, one of them being registered, and as these still failed to draw any response he got into touch with the postal authorities.

Letters ignored

In due course he received a communication from the General Post Office, London, which stated that there was no reason to suppose that the letters sent to Mr. R. Colbridge had not been delivered as addressed.

The postal order had apparently been paid and destroyed "in the usual course," but no information respecting it could be furnished.

So far as the registered letter was concerned, the postal authorities confirmed delivery to the address in question to the signature "R. Colbridge."

At our reader's request, we wrote to R. Colbridge to ask what explanation he had to offer for thus ignoring his correspondence.

Our letter was not ignored. It brought forth a most apologetic reply from "R. Colbridge," who assured us that he was more than sorry that we should have received this complaint.

Business had been bad, but Mr. Colbridge stated that if our reader still required the oil it should be sent "per return," or, if he preferred to have his money back, he could have it.

We informed our reader accordingly, who elected to have the oil. Some time after, however, he again wrote to us to say that he had been unable to get any satisfaction from Mr. Colbridge.

Oily excuses

There was no other course open to us but to write to the offender ourselves, and this we did on three occasions, all our letters being ignored!

Now comes a fresh complaint from a Staffordshire reader who states that he also forwarded a postal order to R. Colbridge about four months ago with an order for cod-liver oil.

He did not receive the oil, but was favoured with a pencilled note that was full of oily excuses and contained a similar assurance that his cash would be refunded if he so desired.

He states that he replied to the effect that he didn't mind which he received so long as it was one or the other, and since then his correspondence has been ignored.

In view of these complaints it would look as if the business of R. Colbridge is fishy in more senses than one!

CRIPPLED GIRL'S DREADFUL DOOM

INNOCENT VICTIM OF OFFICIALDOM

Control Board's Reign of Terror

THE pitiful letters which continue to reach us from distracted parents whose children have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Board of Control are tragic testimony to the callousness of that institution.

We have dealt with many sad cases in these columns from time to time, but the following story of the plight of a young Salford girl must surely rank as the most terrible indictment against those who are supposed to have the welfare of mentally unbalanced children at heart.

Some years ago, Margaret Amos, the daughter of a Salford reader, was the victim of a street accident. She was knocked down by a motor-car and severely injured, with the unfortunate result that she was rendered a cripple.

As the girl's nerves were terribly shattered by her experience, her father applied to the local children's welfare association to arrange for her to go into a home for a time.

A staggering surpr.se

The girl was sent away, and a week afterwards her parents were surprised to receive a parcel containing her clothing from Calderstones Certified Institution for Mental Defectives, at Whalley, near Blackburn.

They immediately made application for her release, but were informed that she would have to remain in the institution for a period of twelve months, "in accordance with the regulations."

As may be expected this was a terrible blow to them, and their distress was added to when they went to visit their daughter. Her changed condition and the circumstances of her detention filled them with misgiving.

The thought that their child would have to remain in such surroundings for twelve long months was unbearable, and they decided to spare no pains to obtain her release.

Sent from pillar to post

The facts of the case were accordingly presented to the medical superintendent of Calderstones. This official referred the agonised parents to the Board of Control in London. That body curtly referred them to the County Asylums Committee at Preston.

The County Asylums Committee in their turn referred the parents back to the medical superintendent once more!

It would be farcical if it were not so tragic. Could anything be so mean and despicable as the attitude of the authorities in this case?

Their one thought and desire seems to have been to shift the onus of responsibility on to some other person's shoulders.

Were they quite unconcerned at the fate of this poor crippled girl? Could they go to no more trouble than that required to pen a short note to the effect "Try someone else"? Had they no humanity?

Mr. Amos again approached the medical superintendent, pointing out that he had been advised to do so by the County Asylums Committee.

The medical superintendent merely repeated his advice to the effect that application should be made to London.

Feeling that he would have to go all round the dreary circle again to no purpose, Mr. Amos approached the Board of Control with a heavy heart. He was referred this time to the Visiting Committee.

Alas! the Visiting Committee were not very helpful. It is true that they did not refer the applicant elsewhere; but they stated bluntly that they "could not see their way" to releasing Margaret Amos from her bondage.

Her release was declined "for various reasons," but when asked to give these reasons, the reply was that nothing could be added to that vague and unsatisfactory statement.

In other letters, however, when leave of absence had been applied for, it was stated that leave could not be granted as there was no improvement in the girl's mental condition and she would only be a source of worry at home.

The strict accuracy of such statements is hard to reconcile with several communications which Mr. and Mrs. Amos have received from their daughter direct.

A touching letter

The following extracts are taken verbatim:—

"Dear Mother,—Just a few lines, hoping to find you in the best of health, as it leaves me at present . . . I would be far better with you all at home.

"I would be pleased to hear from you when you get this letter. I am very thankful for that parcel you sent me.

"I am so very sorry I have not thanked you before, but I had a very bad cold . . . Write if you can, if you can't don't bother, dear. I will have to do like other poor girls."

Sir Frederick Willis, Chairman of the Board of Control.

Can anyone honestly say that the foregoing strikes them as the work of a mentally deficient girl? Apart from being a perfectly rational and normal letter, the writer's kindly consideration for others stamps her as a girl with a very thoughtful and human mind.

She hopes her mother is in the best of health; she enquires after all at home; she longs for a letter, but if her mother is unable to write she consoles herself with the thought that there are other poor girls who have no mothers to write to them at all.

We think that some of the true humanity displayed in this girl's letter should be a good object-lesson to those seemingly heartless individuals who are responsible for her slavery.

BILL DEW AND BILLS DUE

A RAMPING RACING SHEET

Below we expose the latest methods of racing crooks. They are very busy just now.

FROM an office in Jermyn Street there has lately been issued a sporting pamphlet called the *Racing Man*. This interesting publication is solely confined to giving expert and "inside" information on turf topics.

Some of the "inside" information is certainly enlightening. In the first place, no pains have been spared in booming a gentleman named William Dew, who is recommended in this new racing sheet as a first-class sportsman.

Behind the *Racing Man* is Charles Hammond, who has already been severely criticised in these pages, and whose name will stir up unpleasant recollections for many people throughout the country.

A big ramp

Trading as Charles Hammond and Co., and with offices in St. James's Street, Piccadilly, Hammond was concerned in one of the biggest racing ramps in history.

This firm pretended that it possessed exclusive information regarding certain horses, and through advertising extensively succeeded in inducing numerous people to act as its agents.

These agents were to place commissions through their own bookmakers in respect of horses exclusively indicated by Hammond and Co. For their services they were to be paid 10 per cent. on all winnings, whilst the company was to settle any losses.

How the game was played

A typical instance will serve to show how agents have been victimised. A Manchester reader who took up an appointment duly carried out his part of the contract by placing all the bets which Hammond and Co. advised.

After operating in this way for some little time an amount of about £70 was owing to him in respect of losses incurred. Bookmakers were pressing him for settlement, but he could get no satisfaction from Hammond and Co.

What, then, is the position to-day? Charles Hammond, we have explained, has left St. James's Street offices for Jermyn Street, for the purpose of giving the world his "good things" through the medium of the *Racing Man*.

It is suggested that, as the said Mr. Dew has a racing reputation "second to none," his taking over the control of the firm is of the greatest possible significance.

Will the sporting Mr. Dew settle all the debts incurred by Hammond and Co.?

At any rate, he has done nothing so far to pay our Manchester reader.

Inspiring confidence

For the truth is that he is not exactly the "newcomer" he professes to be. His interest in the firm of Hammond and Co. is by no means a newly-acquired one.

It is interesting to note that in one instance a cheque for £1 6s. 8d. issued by C. Hammond and Co. was actually signed by Dew. It was sent to stave off a clamouring client and to inspire further confidence.

Unfortunately, it succeeded in its object, and the client was induced to place a number of further commissions before this small cheque was returned to him from the bankers marked "R.D."

A mysterious move

Does this inspire confidence in the "sporting" Bill Dew? If he could not meet a recent cheque for £1 6s. 8d. how can he hope to save the tottering Hammond and Co.?

What is the true object of this mysterious move? Is there to be another attempt to fleece the public?

The public should place no reliance on any optimistic announcements which may appear in the pages of the *Racing Man*.

A BAD EGG BUSINESS

ROBERTS' REPEATED RAMPS

— And the Law is Helpless!

THE gross inadequacy of the regulations affecting the registration of business names is clearly shown in the following story of a rogue who has taken advantage of their weakness to cloak a long career of crime.

Some time ago a South Wales reader got into touch with a gentleman named A. F. Roberts, who was in business at Greens End, Woolwich, S.E.18, and our reader was eventually persuaded to invest £100 in his business as a dealer in farm produce.

The introduction had been effected by business transfer agents, who had charged a guinea for their services, and it was not long before our reader began to doubt whether his guinea had been well spent.

He was momentarily reassured, however, by a clause in his agreement, which provided that his £100 was returnable, a month's notice on either side being necessary to terminate the engagement.

Good luck—and bad

But time wore on, and the investor discovered that no business was being done, and that Roberts was a common swindler, who had obtained money from others in the same way.

One of the other investors had actually put in £250, but our reader felt that even if others wanted to continue to take the risk, he himself would feel happier out of it. He therefore asked for his money to be returned in accordance with the agreement.

He was given a cheque and thought himself extremely lucky—until it came back from the bank dishonoured.

All his efforts to obtain satisfaction were fruitless, and his one consolation was that Roberts was eventually sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

But Roberts was in no way discouraged. Coming out of prison he established himself at Limehouse Causeway, E.1, and adopted the high-sounding title of "The Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company."

What investors didn't know

Under this cloak, so conveniently afforded by the lax regulations regarding business names, Roberts soon resorted to his old methods of raising money.

Now, however, he contented himself with taking smaller sums, of £25 or so, in return for jobs.

The results were, however, no happier for the workless men who were persuaded to hand Roberts their savings in order to get employment in the pretentious "Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company."

They little thought that they were handing their money to a man who had been convicted only a short time before when carrying on a similar sort of business. And, had they chosen to consult the register of business names, they would also have been none the wiser.

Lacking this very vital information, they could only pin their faith on Roberts and hope that the company would accomplish big things.

There came a time when the only articles left in the Limehouse Causeway shop were empty egg-boxes, and when the investors asked for their money back they could not get it.

Once again Roberts went to jail—this time for twelve months with hard labour. He came out on March 30 last and the very next day opened an office in High Street, Croydon, sending out circulars advertising for supplies of poultry and eggs.

The way still open

Not content with obtaining goods on credit, Roberts soon fell back on his old method of duping the unemployed, and advertised for men to act as buyers, stipulating that they must invest £100.

One poor fellow put in this amount and soon discovered the real nature of Roberts' activities. The result is that this persistent rogue has now gone to jail for a third time.

But, unless the regulations are altered in the meantime, there will be nothing to prevent him from re-registering in some such fancy name as the "Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company" when released.

In other words, the law cannot stop his ramping—it can merely subject it to temporary checks—a sorry state of affairs!

THREE SHE DEVILS

ELEVENTH-HOUR RESCUE

Vile Woman Sentenced

DISCLOSURES of a most disquieting nature, and which emphasise the perils encountered by young girls in London streets, were made in a case which recently came up for hearing at Bow Street.

A young North London girl, who was under sixteen years of age, came to the West End for an "evening out" and got into bad company.

She made the acquaintance of a girl named Camille King and accompanied her with two men to a flat in Shaftesbury Avenue.

This first slip was her undoing. The resort to which she was taken was a notorious one, and she found herself in a terrible position.

There was no opportunity of turning back—in fact, the people into whose hands she had fallen had no intention of allowing her to turn back.

The owner of the flat was a vile woman named Florence Holmes, who was assisted in conducting her establishment by a girl named Alice Kovas, who posed as her maid.

A terrible dilemma

Once the girl named King had introduced the victim to the harpies at the Shaftesbury Avenue flat, they lost no opportunity of enslaving her for the future.

Mrs. Holmes ultimately handed the distracted girl a latchkey with the intimation that she could "use the flat" whenever she liked.

Thus confronted with the open door of vice on the one hand and a hopeless, ruined existence on the other, this poor girl found herself in a terrible dilemma.

There is little doubt that she would have been enslaved for evermore had she not been arrested in the West End.

She was subsequently charged in the *juvenile* court with soliciting, and on relating her pitiful story was bound over and sent back to her parents for protection.

The danger scented

The police having thus come into possession of the key of the premises in question, lost no time in acting upon the information which the poor girl had supplied.

After much patient waiting and watching and exhaustive enquiries, lasting over some weeks, they were able to carry out a raid.

Alice Kovas and Camille King were found upon the premises, but Florence Holmes, the proprietress, had flown.

All the night haunts of London and West End dens of the lowest order were scoured in vain.

Finally, however, it was discovered that a woman answering to her description was staying in furnished rooms in a quiet thoroughfare in Acton, posing as "Mrs. Johnson," a wealthy widow.

Confronted by the police, "Mrs. Johnson" admitted her true identity—in fact, it would have been useless to do otherwise, since she had been known to the police for years as a woman of loose character and a consort of thieves.

So Florence Holmes, alias Florence Percy, alias Mrs. Johnson, took her stand in the dock with her two assistants.

They were charged with procuring a girl under sixteen years of age for immoral purposes, but for want of evidence that they were aware of the girl's age, and because their victim was said to "have looked older," they were acquitted on that charge.

Another charge—that of allowing the premises to be used for immoral purposes—was brought against them.

Scandalous leniency

King was discharged as having no connection with the management of the establishment, whilst Kovas, who pleaded that she was only a servant, escaped with a fine of £10.

Mrs. Holmes has gone to prison for three months, and there the matter closes.

But it is surely a scandalous thing that these three vile women could not be punished very severely.

That they were deliberately coercing the girl into that nightmare life cannot be disputed, and for the protection of other young girls they should have been given adequate punishment for their vile offence.

A Violinist's Composition

HOW 2,000 GUINEAS WAS WON

A Tip to Competitors

MR. GEORGE FRANCE, of 4, Victoria Avenue, Shipley, Yorkshire, is the violinist and musical director of the Saltaire Picture House.

He has in his time played the tunes of numberless composers, but he little thought that a short composition of his own would bring him a fortune of 2,000 guineas.

This huge sum was won by the clever *Bullet*—KING AND COUNTRY—MANY "SERVED" "WITHOUT RETURN"—and was the well-deserved reward of his painstaking methods.

He had previously gained nothing more substantial than the modest "Target," but he was always confident that with perseverance he would ultimately win a big cash prize.

The intimation of his success reached Mr. France in a remarkable manner. He was expecting his wife and little girl back from a holiday and received the information that a telegram awaited him. Full of anxiety, he hurried home, and, to his joyful relief, learned that he was the winner of 2,000 guineas.

Winning methods

To a correspondent who called on him, Mr. France, a young man in the early thirties, outlined his system of constructing winning *Bullets*.

"The winning effort was entirely my own," said Mr. France, "and bearing in mind always that originality is an important factor. I study and re-study other winners' lines. A word, an abbreviation, or even the placing of a comma, may give me the germ of an idea."

He believes in criticism and acknowledges the helpful aid of his household director, for he submits his lines to his wife before they come under the eyes of the adjudicators.

Mr. France is naturally overjoyed at his success, but the artistic temperament presumed to be associated with a violinist is in his case coupled with much business wisdom. He has no intention of giving up his profession, and he is banking his 2,000 guineas until such time as the coal strike is over.

It can be done

But, as he has only recently been able to secure a house after a weary wait in rooms, part of the money will go in furnishing a happy home.

What Mr. France has done in his spare time others can do in their leisure hours. This week, competitors are offered the opportunity of relieving their minds of the question of holiday expenses by winning one of the splendid series of prizes announced on page 35.

Study the *Examples* carefully, and, to quote the winner once more, "ideas crop up."

Mr. France's winning effort was "just the result of a few minutes' thought." A little concentration, even in a heat wave, may secure a holiday free from financial care.

APATHY is at the root of our present troubles. The predominant note is, "Who cares?" This applies to Governments, industrial leaders, and the common people. Unless this spirit is exorcised the nation will drift to decay

The Searing Flame

by **MAJOR A. LIVINGSTONE OKE, A.R.S.M., A.R.C.Sc.**

STATISTICS in order to be really impressive should be easily visualised. Hence, the appalling casualties of the Great War, the colossal sums of our national expenditure, or the tragic implication of a million and three-quarters unemployed, "leave us cold" because we cannot visualise them.

It is a nightmare thought, to haunt us in our dreams. But if all the unemployed could march past the House of Commons, and all their dependants with them—old folk, women and children—together with the large army of those who have to work to produce the food and clothes and necessities these "non-workers" must necessarily consume in order to live, even our present Government, before the end of the three weeks that would be required for this army to pass, might think of something that ought to be done about it!

If the wealth that is lost to the nation in a year by 1,750,000 workers and their dependants—consuming without producing—could be collected in the form of gold and poured into the sea, at the rate of four hundred sovereigns a minute, at the end of about 170 days—the time required to sink such a year's loss of national wealth—if the nation could see it happening, something might be done to create work!

A terrible tolerance

What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over, otherwise the millions of decent men and women who form the moderately "comfortable" class that are supposed to be the "backbone" of this country, could never tolerate the thought of all the other hapless millions living in slums and tenements, if they knew their votes could alter it!

National apathy alone can account for the tolerance with which the great body of voters in England allow themselves to be exploited by every type of profiteer, from the milkman with "short measure," the greengrocer, grocer, butcher, baker and all the other "short-weight" merchants, to the greedy "owner" of land who exorts the maximum "site-value" for his "valuable building site" or the owner of leaseholds who gets his tenant's "goodwill" of a business without a penny compensation.

A nation gets the Government it deserves, it has been said. So we must consider the stalwart bands of supporters of "vested interests" in both our Houses of Parliament as merely the just reward of sheer political apathy, lulled to sleep by the soothing-syrup of "doped" political opinions.

Second-hand ideas

These "opinions" are spread by a "stunt Press" which seems to be as often unbalanced as it is unscrupulous in its use of a "circulation" factitiously inflated by every modern device of advertising skill.

To read the flood of writings on the "land question" now pouring its muddy torrent through the popular Press, is to realise how little statistics are logically employed for the purposes of sound argument.

Whatever the interests that influence a man in the formation of an opinion, facts are stubborn things and cannot be denied, however much deductions may differ which are drawn from them. This is particularly and poignantly true of the array of hard facts—not even disputed by the opponents of the Liberals—contained in the now famous Town and Rural Reports.

But how many of the millions who are being instructed to oppose a policy—any policy—proposed by a discredited political party will ever read them? How many will read the facts, even if they are unable to accept the policy of reform proposed?

Probably two-thirds of all our millions of voters get their opinions second-hand or are influenced mainly by their own or their friends' personal and vested interests. This applies to every party. It is just human nature after all.

What is the matter with the men—and women—of England to-day, that makes them behave towards a hundred national problems as though it were not their business in any way?

Perilous dope

Where are all our old-time enthusiasms? Where the intense feelings, the hatreds and resentments bred of the politics of thirty and more years ago?

Are we so "snowed under" with shibboleths and catch-phrases that we cannot get down to essentials? Are we no longer able to feel strongly on any subject? Are we getting so "broad-minded" that we have no "views" worth holding?

Has the "popular Press" so doped our thinking processes with the *pros* and *cons* of every problem that we are no longer able to get any logic from the flood of facts?

Do we know so much that, just as 'tis said to know all is to forgive all, with an easy tolerance, we are too lazy even to oppose?

Elections come and elections go and leave but a ripple on the waters of our national life, but the same names, the same political wire-pullers, the same old shibboleths, go on for ever!

Who cares? It takes a great war or the threat of a national strike even to get the ordinary "man-in-the-street" to talk to his fellow-man!

More and more we depend on outside help to stimulate us in our mental activities, while individually we live more self-centred lives than even our forefathers did. At least they were natural, but we live in an artificial atmosphere, of one kind and another, all our days.

"My party, right or wrong"

Our world has become so big that it is now impersonal and a human being is like a cork on the surface of the flood that is modern life. The "personal touch" is lost and "collectivism" has gone far towards swamping all our best instincts: it is always someone else's job to see about it!

"Young Communists" pass us in the street with their silly little banners flaunting second-hand catchwords and phrases. Who cares?

The "tea-ramp," "lapsed policies," "back to the land," "idle acres and idle hands," "scandals in high places," "slums," the national suicide that lurks in "ca'canny," profiteering, food-prices, land monopoly, a real kaleidoscope of national problems, always round us—but, who cares?

The King goes to an industrial fair and all England rings with the "facts" about typewriters in Government offices. And in a year's time there will be just as many foreign typewriters in those "high places" clicking away imperturbably as there are now, and some other "stunt" will flare awhile and fall and be forgotten.

Who cares? There lies the essence of the whole thing. In a way we all care, but we do not care with that burning fanaticism that gets things done, or makes us forget our petty—and party—differences and so to "get together" to see things are changed.

Major A. Livingstone Oke, A.R.S.M., A.R.C.Sc.

There are too many "main streets" with all their small interests that absorb our political energies. The "trade unionists" are all for "trade unionism" and too little for the national good. Politicians are far too much for "party," "right or wrong." Financiers think only in terms of "safety first" and not in the broadest national interest.

The force of fanaticism

The Navy and the Army, the schoolmasters and the bureaucrats, all are thinking more of keeping their little jobs than of national economy and they vote accordingly. Can you blame them? And who cares?

Never in all history did revolutions "just happen." Some one cared so much that a flame seared his neighbours into fanatic life, that nothing might matter but the thing there was to do, or fight for.

If screaming suffragettes had not sacrificed all feminine charm while they stood chained to public railings, war or no war, the women of England would not yet have had the vote.

Every reformation that a reluctant "governing class" has ever grudgingly admitted in State or Church or institution has been won by the sheer stark efforts of the men who cared.

Wanting a thing leads nowhere if the wanting is not of that insistent kind that for long centuries has driven millions of men to far countries in the search for land.

The nation's determination

Do we here in England care who owns the land?

Are there any of us with enough passion for justice and enough detestation of wrong and evil and blighting apathy to want those wrongs righted with an insistence that will not be denied.

Are there enough of us willing to face the facts of misery and poverty and seek the true cause of them?

Do we care enough for this country of ours to follow the truth *whithersoever it may lead?*

Then, if we care enough, all the flood of muddy rhetoric and jumbled statistics on the land question now pouring out, day by day, should but make us all the more determined to see that England's "broad acres" are fairly held and fairly used for the benefit of the nation as a whole rather than in the personal interests of a small and privileged class.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PREMIER,—The choice of Dame Edith Lyttelton as one of our representatives at the forthcoming assembly of the League of Nations gives general satisfaction. It is a step in the right direction. Nevertheless, I must protest that what is needed is a woman representative as the nation's full delegate instead of merely a substitute delegate. The League is not a glorified Foreign Office. It is, or should be, a body highly representative of public opinion. If there is one section of our country more than another taking the lead in informing that opinion in the direction of peace, that honour belongs to woman. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—How long is the miserable farce of sentencing betrayed girls to death, when there is no possibility of carrying out the sentence, to continue? When Mr. Justice Wright, at Leeds, pronounced the dread sentence over Mary True, the twenty-one-year-old girl who had drowned her child, judge, jury and public alike would in common justice have liked to see another prisoner by her side. He was not there. He had never paid her a penny, nor had he suffered any penalty for non-compliance with the magistrate's order. Mary True, as a matter of course, will be reprieved. You must see to it that in her case reprieve does not mean detention. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED MOND, M.P., Lowndes Square, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—As a chemist, you "look forward to the time when we can control genius, morals, and sex by chemistry, and by obtaining the right chemical reaction." It is a pleasant prospect. Nevertheless, I must remind you that genius is hampered, morals are befouled, and sex difficulties created by our present welter of unemployment, bad housing and industrial difficulties. It is not a bad thing to dream of being able chemically to perpetuate youth, but it's a better thing to make the world fit to live in for such youth as we have. And this, I take it, is the supreme work at which Parliamentarians should aim. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Cheyne Walk, S.W.

DEAR L. G.,—It is, as you say, a scandal and a reproach that out of less than a million land-workers in Great Britain no fewer than 700,000 are without the smallest patch of ground they can call their own. No matter to what Party he belongs, the man who leads a fearless attack on this ruinous land monopoly will have the country at his back. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ADAM NIMMO, K.B.E., Ex-President, Mining Association.

SIR,—You declare that nothing can save the coal industry apart from "very serious reductions" in miners' wages. Yet I find that in the past ten years the colliery undertaking with which you are personally connected has six times paid a dividend of 20 per cent., and not once less than 10 per cent., on its invested capital. These figures afford no decent excuse for refusing the miners' claim to a living wage. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. J. A. KEMPTHORNE, D.D., Bishop of Lichfield.

MY LORD,—The deputation headed by you to the Prime Minister to urge a settlement of the coal dispute was well thought of. Whatever the immediate result of your effort, the final outcome must be good. It marks notable progress in human relationships when Anglican and Free Churchmen unite to try and promote the spirit of good will through which peace must come and justice be done. Again I say, Well done. JOHN BULL.

To Sir EDWARD NICHOLL, J.P., Feltham Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—When your fellow-magistrates fined Frank Smith, a Nottingham sailor, 30s., for "assaulting a tramway conductor" and refusing to pay his fare, you disagreed with their findings. That the case left you uneasy was proved by you putting your hand in your pocket and paying the fine yourself. It was the action of a gentleman to give a poor man the benefit of the doubt. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. JACK ELLIS, Hare Hill, Chertsey.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Heartiest congratulations upon the celebration of your golden wedding in "The House that Jack built." Forty years ago Mr. Ellis built the house you both still live in. Given the land and access to building materials, how many Jacks there are longing to do the same! It is not the least tragedy of our complicated modern existence that countless honest couples are denied this most primitive of human needs, the setting up together of a decent little home. JOHN BULL.

To Miss MARY HALL, Hull College.

DEAR MADAM,—To rescue even one child from death by drowning is a feat of which a strong man might well be proud. What, therefore, shall be done to honour the woman who fearlessly swam to the aid of two men in dire difficulty, and who succeeded in saving them both? I assure you that the country echoes the cheers of that crowd of on-looking holiday-makers at Barry. With you for my pattern, I boldly challenge the womanhood of the world. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ALFRED DENVILLE, C/o Denville Hall, Northwood, Middlesex.

DEAR SIR,—In gratitude for the fortune you have made out of theatrical stock companies, you decided to purchase a "retiring home" for the aged mummer. Denville Hall—recently opened by the Princess Royal—is the splendid result. You have robbed "resting" of its terrors for those who need rest most. It is hoped to raise an endowment fund by subscription. I am assured the result will be satisfactory, since the public resemble you in that they are not ungrateful to those that serve them well. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. DAVID UNDERWOOD, Leighton Buzzard.

DEAR UNDERWOOD,—The fact that your fellow-workman, Cyril Whybrow, succumbed to his terrible injuries after falling into a copper of hot tar detracts not at all from the magnificent effort you made to save him. While mending the road Whybrow overturned the copper by falling in, the contents fell on a fire, and instantly all was in flames. You extricated him, rolled him on the ground and extinguished the fire. At least, through you, the poor fellow had medical aid and died in bed. It was a gallant and self-sacrificing deed. JOHN BULL.

THE WRONG TICKETS

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD: "Our agricultural housing is a disgrace to a civilised community."

Which is proof positive we are not yet a really civilised community.

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MR. BALDWIN: "I shall welcome greatly a solution of the coal problem from any quarter, however unlikely."

In that case, why not try a settlement on the lines of the Report, which is very likely?

• • •

MR. A. J. COOK: "To work we will go, On the status quo."

Now forgo slogans and talk sensibly of possibilities.

• • •

DR. MACNAMARA: "The queue outside the labour exchange has only been under 1,000,000 for two weeks in the last five and a half years."

No more terrible indictment against the statesmanship of all Parties could be uttered.

• • •

SIR T. INSKIP: "Englishmen must save England as they saved her in the past."

There'll be no need to worry about England's salvation once the people can get hold of the land of England.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

FOR EVER BLOWING BUBBLES!

The World's Last Hope

"EUROPE had been drinking of armaments until it got delirium tremens in 1914. *It is going on drinking secretly now.*" In this striking fashion Mr. Lloyd George, addressing the Christian Endeavour Convention attended by delegates from more than thirty nations, sounded a clarion call to youth.

Four thousand youthful hearers gave that call great welcome, and so gave the world fresh hope.

Christian civilisation is approaching its two thousandth year. It has placed wonderful achievements to its credit. It has, to an unprecedented extent, conquered the adverse forces of Nature.

Over all our building, all our struggles, all our painful upward climbing, there hangs the grim shadow of horrible death. War is no longer a thing of high adventure. It has become a thing of filth, and devilry, of bombing and poisoning, a very threat to civilisation itself.

We know it. And yet all nations are secretly arming, just as though the men of 1914 had never gone out to war, just as though they had never died.

But at least there are hopeful signs. It is no longer just to say, "Old men make the wars for young men to be killed in." All men, young and old, unless they are devils incarnate, now passionately long for peace.

They are struggling to find a way out of the dreadful entanglement of war machinery in which they are left. *It is for the young to find that way.*

Youth is the time for high endeavour and the making of bold experiment. The call has come to youth. We believe the challenge will be accepted.

Youth now, unless mankind is doomed to perish in unutterable agony, is the world's last hope. Fortunately it is a very good hope. We, at any rate, believe in youth.

The Law of Murder

ADDRESSING the Court of Criminal Appeal on behalf of Joseph Flavell, a feeble-minded degenerate sentenced to death at Worcester for killing his fourteen-year-old stepbrother, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C., pleaded recently for a drastic revision of the law of murder.

There is a strong case for establishing degrees of homicide.

Between the premeditated villainy of a Crippen or a Mahon and the impulsive act of a man who in a spasm of uncontrollable anger strikes a fatal blow there is a gaping difference which the present law totally ignores.

Where extenuating circumstances are pleaded, juries frequently add to their verdict of "Guilty" a recommendation to mercy.

The sensible conclusion is that until we are sufficiently civilised to abolish hanging, murders ought to be graded so as to give juries the power to abrogate the death penalty in proper cases, and judges the right to substitute a punishment more in keeping with civilised justice.

The Sinister Siesta

THE coal dispute has reached a stage that threatens the very foundations of national stability. The Prime Minister holds the fate of the nation in the hollow of his hand

THE coal industry has always been the acid test of statesmanship in this country and Premier after Premier has gone down helpless before its problems. So have the men's leaders, who seem incapable of grasping the elementary fact that an industry cannot be saved by destroying it.

So great an *impasse* has arisen in the present dispute that we are in danger of settling down to it as "inevitable." We are in danger of becoming used to it, as we became used to the war.

Parliament which, more than ever, should be uniting, irrespective of Party and forgetful of prejudices, to find a way out of the mess is indulging in the same futilities that cause the man in the street to refer to politics as "a game."

Yet the need was never more urgent for Parliament to become in fact, as well as in name, a national body, and strain every nerve to think nationally and achieve a national result.

We are more strongly of opinion than ever that one of the chief diseases from which industry suffers at the moment is an over-dose of political interference; but since Parliament has decided of late years to act the part of industrial doctor it is a pathetic sight to see it openly admitting that its remedies are useless.

But it is a matter for downright dismay to see the colossal power of the Conservative Party nullified by the withdrawal from the field of its leaders, who are apparently content to watch the owners and miners carry on a disastrous war of attrition.

MR. BALDWIN'S action in snubbing the Churches and refusing even to consider the offer of the Miners' Federation to accept arbitration on the question of wage reductions leaves us with no words to express our astonishment.

Commenting on this amazing policy of drift the *Manchester Guardian* says: "To what conclusion are we driven? To the conclusion that the Government mean to treat the question as if it concerned the owners and miners, and as if their own part in it has been discharged by their Bill, passed in the teeth of the Commission's advice, enabling the owners to work their pits eight hours.

"Industry is to continue under the blight of this stoppage. Heavier and heavier burdens are to be thrown on the guardians of the poor: the unemployment figures are to swell: the spirit of social war is to spread: and the Government is to watch all this happening as if it were happening not in this island but in Timbuctoo. Can one imagine a greater or more fatal abdication?"

Certainly we cannot. It is a fatal admission of inability, a disastrous confession of weakness and unwillingness to tread on the toes of vested interests.

Unless there is to be a complete end of "Baldwinism" and a descent into the desert of die-hard Toryism, the Prime Minister must move instantly and with unswerving firmness.

Let him translate into concrete terms of pounds, shillings and pence the implications of wage reductions that are contained in the Commission's Report. Let him take the miners at their word, submit these terms to them, and, if they disagree, appoint an independent arbitrator whose decision shall be given the force of law.

And let him repeal the Eight Hours Act forthwith as evidence of his sincerity and good faith.

MORE than once in his career Mr. Baldwin has let slip the chance of establishing a reputation as the greatest statesman of his time. Will he do so again?

He should ponder well, for this time he holds in his hand more than the reputation of a Prime Minister. He holds the balance between national prosperity and national bankruptcy.

A few more weeks of this wasting warfare and Britain's rosy chances of industrial recovery will have vanished into thin air. The Prime Minister cannot evade responsibility.

There is not a man or woman of good will in the nation who would not range themselves solidly behind Mr. Baldwin if he would but find the courage to play the man

Where does Mr. Baldwin stand? Has he surrendered his reputation and his power to the Tory die-hards or is he still willing to make a stand for sanity? The decision he takes in the next few weeks will make or mar both his own security and the security of his country

Wasted Brains

THE Education Estimates recently presented to the House of Commons will not satisfy anyone who believes that it is the nation's duty to make the most of its brain-power.

To the narrow-minded "economist" an annual expenditure of £71,000,000 on the people's schools is like a red rag to a bull. At the suggestion that a larger outlay may yet be needed to place us abreast of our better-educated competitors his anger bursts all bounds.

Yet as soon as the figures are examined, it is evident that we are lagging behind in the race.

The cost of elementary education for the year is estimated at £58,480,000. This sum may be taken to represent the bare minimum if children are to be given a mastery of the three "R's" and a smattering of general knowledge.

When we turn to higher education, given in the secondary schools, we find the Estimates provide for a total annual expenditure of only £12,500,000.

The plain meaning of these figures is that for the vast majority of the workers' children education still stops dead at the seventh standard of the elementary school.

We are not spending enough on higher education to get the full advantage of our disbursement at the other end of the scale.

The total number of pupils in secondary schools throughout the country is 367,000, and of these only 146,000 occupy free places.

What this means is that we are as yet making provision for only a favoured few of elementary school children who would be likely to profit by advanced instruction.

The defect of our educational system is not that we are wasting money, but that we are wasting brains. It would pay us as a nation, even in hard cash, to place within the reach of every child the means of education to the fullest limit of its intellectual powers.

Missing the Boat

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

SOONER or later there will be a General Election and a new Government. The Labour Party has a long row to hoe before it can convince the people that it is fit for majority office

Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.

AS the life of the present Parliament wears away discussion is beginning to arise as to what brand of political theorists will succeed it. More Conservatives? A dose of Liberalism? Or an epidemic of Labour?

Mr. Amery, at any rate, has no doubts. The only alternative to the present Government is in the Labour Party, declares the Colonial Secretary.

"I venture to say," said Mr. Amery a few days ago, "that the Labour Party is unfit to-day to control the affairs of this country, and will remain unfit to control them until it has purged itself completely of all taint and ideas and causes emanating from Moscow, or until it can develop a national interest rather than a class outlook."

Now, I think those who refuse to take the Labour Party seriously are making a great mistake. No Party that can command the votes of 5,000,000 of the electorate is negligible. Mr. Amery is wiser than a good many of his fellows. He knows the red light when he sees it!

The pot and the kettle

But I fancy his words would apply to more than the Labour Party when he talks of developing a national rather than a class outlook. There is not a politician in the country who would not benefit by a dose of his medicine.

If the Labour Party has a "class mind" it is, in fact, the fault of the other Parties, who do all in their power to foster it and keep it alive. If the other Parties believe in Labour's "class mind" in all sincerity, the Labour Party never speaks a word nor performs an action that might disillusion them.

Every political Party has a "class mind." Every politician is a "hate-monger." I have no more faith in one than in the other. The food of present-day politics is the class war and its chief weapon the appeal to the mob mind.

Therefore, while I am in agreement with Mr. Amery's conclusion, I am not very much impressed with his reasons. It is a little too much like the kettle upbraiding the pot.

The power of the cashbox

So let me help Mr. Amery out by giving him some quite different reasons for his condemnation of the Labour Party. Let me explain why, although I may not like the Churchills and the Chamberlains, I dislike even more the Cooks and Cramps.

So long as the trade union element controls the finances of the Labour Party, so long will the political side of it be a weary farce. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden may burn with fanatic zeal and passionate sincerity to take the broad view to consolidate international relations and to think nationally and imperially, but at every turn they are faced by the chink of gold and the ultimatum, "No trade union policy no money. No obedience no cash!"

Given a Labour majority in the House of Commons, what chance would the most level-headed Labour statesman have against such intolerable conditions? What chance would the country have under a Government of trade union officials working through political puppets in Whitehall?

To get on a stand at a street corner and shout about the iniquities of "capitalism" is an excellent way of inflaming the mind of a crowd, but it does not build houses, it does not increase the production of wheat nor do anything to make this country a better place to live in.

When Mr. Wheatley bluntly announces that coal must be subsidised, I am not at all inclined to vote for Mr. Wheatley at the next election. He has been a Cabinet Minister. He may conceivably be one again—but not with my help unless he talks better economics than that!

I dislike the Cramps and the Cooks, the Bevins and the Buchanans because in plain language they are "missing the boat." They cling to outworn economic theories that have no relation to modern industry, and they insist on dropping spanners into the whirling wheels of the so-called "capitalist" system instead of using the oil-can to make the machinery work more smoothly.

They are aching to try what would happen if they destroyed the machine altogether and installed a brand new one in its place.

Groping in the dark

Now, when the Labour Party says that the "capitalist system" is working badly it has a sound case. Its truth is obvious and its evidence ranges from the overcrowded employment exchanges to the still more overcrowded slums.

But when the remedy proposed is to overthrow the whole economic system and substitute a paper theory that not one in a hundred of its advocates understand, I cannot be surprised at the reluctance of the British nation to advance down this unknown road.

It has yet to dawn on the consciousness of Party politicians that no one Party can any longer claim the monopoly of desiring to create a better and more prosperous England, and that the day has long gone by when any one political creed can contain the whole truth.

The Conservative Party to-day is indulging in social experiments that would have split the Tory Party of a generation ago into a hundred angry groups. The Liberal Party is indistinguishable from the saner Socialists. Only the official Labour Party, allowing its political head to be guided by its industrial tail, clings to slogans and catchwords and the economic theories of a century ago.

What is the result? Public opinion is going ahead of it. Other people are going ahead of it. Other Parties are "stealing its thunder." And the Labour Party has nothing to offer the people except denunciation of everything and everybody and an invitation to emulate the insanities of Moscow.

The gambler's throw

I have seen nothing yet to change my belief that a Labour Government would mean the initiation of a gigantic experiment that might end in Paradise or might equally end in catastrophic ruin. As a choice of alternatives it leaves me cold. There is not enough choice.

But I will say this. The very existence of 5,000,000 people who are willing to risk everything on a gambler's throw is a challenge to every politician to put heart and soul into the task of removing poverty and discontent and misery from our midst.

It does not need a political cataclysm to do it. It needs nothing more than sincerity and good will and co-operation.

From the Labour Party it needs one thing—the courage to say: "Here is an economic and social system that has not done so badly. We are going to put our whole souls into making it work better than it has ever worked before."

Does anyone doubt that then it would work magnificently? No more than I doubt that if the Labour Party did that I should believe in it.

The Lunatic

Our contributor's conclusions are not necessarily ours—but they are certainly a startling challenge

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, in his "Public Education in Health" has stated: "We must not be content with conditions of life and labour which tend to produce 20,000 lunatics a year, or be satisfied with their segregation."

Thomas Bowen Partington

The thought that we are producing 20,000 lunatics a year must be a thing of the greatest concern to every man and woman—in fact, it will scarcely bear thinking about.

To think that there are every year thousands of men and women who are taken to spend the rest of their days in a madhouse is enough to strike terror into the heart of any sane thinking man or woman.

You may build your asylums, you may, for that matter, erect one in every town; you may segregate as much as you like, but the problem will still be in no ways solved.

Satisfaction with segregation is a fool's policy, and the time has come when we must go further back. For insanity in many cases is not the fault of the insane themselves, but is the fault rather of those who brought them into the world.

There is not the least doubt that a large number of the classes I have mentioned have inherited this condition. Prison authorities will bear me out when I suggest that perhaps 20 per cent. of the inmates of our penal institutions are serving their second, third and fourth terms.

THE financial burden is great enough, but it tends to increase considerably, for it is an established fact that the birth-rate of the high-grade and low-grade imbecile is double that of the normal population.

The trouble is that we are afraid to face facts as they are. We are willing to maintain prisons, asylums and the like, but we are afraid to tackle the thing at its source.

Crime (which I regard as a form of insanity), imbecility and insanity are on the increase. I have heard it estimated that these are on the in-

Titled Mischief-maker

by A. G. GARDINER

ONCE it was "Hats off to France!" Now it is "Hats off to America"—but in a very different sense! Does Lord Rothermere realise the vulgar spectacle he is making of himself and his country?

IF a visitor from another planet could look in on us just now he would conclude that the world was a very squalid place.

The fine sentiments which were affected during the war have come down to a matter of pounds, shillings and pence, about which we quarrel with the voluble vulgarity of fishwives.

The centre of this sordid dispute is France, which, having lived on illusions for eight years, has at last awakened to realities, is kicking over its Ministries in a panic and is accusing every other country of being the cause of its pitiable condition.

The franc, which used to be nearly the equivalent of our shilling, is now worth a penny, may soon be worth a halfpenny and may end in being worth less than the paper it is printed on.

No one is responsible for this except the French themselves. They have not yet paid a copper of the many hundreds of millions they borrowed from their allies for the conduct of the war. They are internally prosperous. They are almost entirely self-contained. They have no unemployment. They are individually the best-circumstanced people in Europe.

Will-o'-the-wisp wanderers

But instead of facing the facts, as the rest of us have faced them, they have pursued any red herring dangled before them by a succession of dishonest or cowardly or stupid statesmen.

They ran after M. Poincaré on the crazy adventure in the Ruhr and lost two valuable years and millions of money in that wild-goose chase. If a sensible statesman, like M. Caillaux, proposed that they should stop the rot by stabilising the franc and paying their debts they promptly hoofed him out of office.

And so we have the paradoxical spectacle of this rich country drifting into national bankruptcy and discredit and kicking over the furniture simply because it will not face the fact that the war has left it, as it left every other European country, with enormous liabilities that had to be written off out of their own pockets, either by taxation or by writing down the franc.

And having reached the inevitable goal of this profligate folly and seeing their francs wither to nothing, they revenge themselves by mobbing the Americans, who have taken the place of the English as the chief authors of their misfortunes.

And Lord Rothermere's newspapers, which have done more than any other power to encourage the French in the suicidal policy of the last eight years, cheering Poincaré on to the Ruhr escapade with cries of "Hats off to France!" now join in fulminating insults and gibes at America like any venomous boulevard gutter-sheet.

Maniacal mischief-making

"Usurer," "Uncle Shylock," and similar flattering epithets are flung across the Atlantic at a friendly Power, and we have the picture of poor little France being stretched on the rack by a swollen monster of iniquity.

I can conceive nothing more mischievous than this and nothing more stupid. I have no admiration for the part which America has played since the war. I think it has been poor-spirited and even mean-spirited.

It has gone wrong on three counts. It broke the Tripartite agreement; it prevented the cancellation of war debts; it left the League of Nations in the lurch. These things have shared in producing the misfortunes of Europe.

But, mistaken and unchivalrous though American policy has been, she has done nothing that she was not entitled to do. It is not a crime to ask for the payment of your debts.

If the positions of France and America had been reversed, does anybody suppose that France would not have wanted her money back? And if America had borrowed from us, should we not have expected our money back?

Our mistake was not in agreeing to pay our debt to America, but in agreeing to pay it before we had got the agreement of France and Italy, on whose account that debt was incurred, to indemnify us against loss.

The payment of our debt to America should have been conditioned by an equivalent payment to us by our debtors. But that was our affair. If we acted foolishly we cannot blame America for profiting by our folly.

Lord Rothermere

Moreover, it is notorious that America was influenced in its attitude by the spendthrift policy of France in regard to armaments. If you can provide millions for arming, not only yourself, but Poland, Roumania and other of your feudatory Powers, you can pay your debts, she said. We do not see why our money should be used by *you* in preparing for another European holocaust.

Promises in plenty

And remember she has not yet had a dollar piece of her debt back in actual cash any more than we have. We have got a promise from France (still unratified) of 6s. 8d. in the pound, and America has also a promise of something similar. But no money has passed, and it is absurd, therefore, to represent the extortions of America as the cause of the national bankruptcy of France.

It is monstrous, in the face of these facts, that the Rothermere Press should divert attention from the real mischief in France by attempting to create bad blood between us and America. If a man owes me money which, owing to his own profligacy, he does not pay, I do not go and abuse someone else to whom he also owes money which he does not pay.

It is true that America is rich. But it is not a crime in a nation to be rich, though a nation is seldom popular if it is rich. For generations we have been unpopular in the world, mainly because we were rich, and as America is taking our place she must expect to be unpopular, too.

But Lord Rothermere is the last man who ought to find fault with riches. Does he not live in a very large glass house himself?

High and dry

Let us get out of this whining and mud-slinging to the plain realities of things. France is on the rocks because she has steered deliberately for the rocks. Her foolish friends here have encouraged her to steer for the rocks, and those of us who have warned her for years to change her course have been ignored.

There is still time for her to get off the rocks; but there is not time to waste. If she does not act now her franc will follow the mark into the abyss, and all the savings of the most saving people in Europe will be waste-paper.

The way out is clear. Cut your loss, write down your franc, balance your budget, pay your debts, re-establish your credit. If you do these things *now* you will be astonished at the rapidity with which you will recover. If you don't do them, you will be overwhelmed in your own catastrophe.

...ic Factory

by THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON

crease to the extent of 200 to 300 per cent. every twenty years; all we seem to have done is to provide suitable institutions for the very worst, whilst the rest are simply allowed to propagate their species. It's a fool's game.

A GREAT war comes along and the fool's game is then played to its fullest extent. The finest men of the land, the finest specimens of the nation from the breeding point of view, are sent to the battlefield to be slain; the criminal, the idiotic, are left behind to keep up the work of propagation.

Criminals, paupers, drunkards, prostitutes and the feeble-minded may marry. Such a union is a crime against society, an insult to the holy estate of marriage, a curse to future generations.

There is a solution, but it requires courage to apply it. It is simply this—we must stop the production of all undesirable classes.

It is the only way, and until this is done there will be the recruiting of that great army of the unfit in mind and in body which year by year goes to swell the ranks of the inmates of the great institutions of the land.

We want an application of the laws of heredity, the enactment of adequate laws regulating the marriage of certain classes and depriving the hereditary degenerates of the creative function.

We are to-day a hopeless mass of contradictions. Let foot-and-mouth disease be found, and the animals are slaughtered without any hesitation, but there are as yet no laws for the prevention of the constantly increasing production of intellectual and racial degenerates.

The Government will willingly appropriate millions to aid in the invention and purchase of deadly weapons with which the human family can be destroyed, while prizes are given for the finest cattle.

THE ablest doctors in the land and the leaders in great social movements are rapidly committing themselves to the opinion that all the worst cases of hereditary degeneracy should be deprived of their creative function.

In women this operation is attended by only one-sixth the fatalities of child-birth; in males it is attended by no danger at all. The results would be absolutely effectual. The feeble-minded class would be much more easily managed and the degenerate criminal would settle down to the life of a peaceable citizen.

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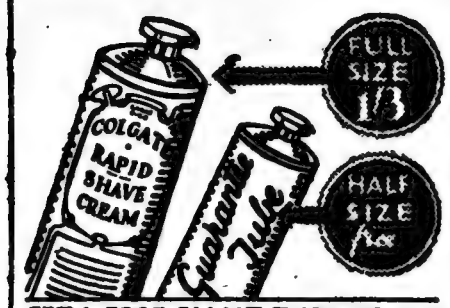
RAPID SHAVE CREAM



GET A FREE GIANT TUBE TO-DAY

A DIABOLICAL SCANDAL

DELIBERATE FLOUTING OF THE LAW

Cynical Evasions of the Act

WE recently stated that the Industrial Assurance Act of 1923 was an absolute farce, and our contention was that it did not touch even the outer fringe of the many diabolical scandals connected with the business of industrial assurance.

To that expression of opinion we strictly adhere, and an answer given in the House of Commons the other day to an enquirer proves our allegation up to the hilt.

It was stated that during the year 1925 the complaints which reached the offices of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner numbered 2,632, of which 2,400 had been dealt with, and of which 232 only remained to be disposed of.

These figures in themselves prove how great the farce really is, as we have in the last three months received at least three times as many complaints as the Commissioner has in the whole of 1925.

It is clearly evident then that the Act does not answer the purpose for which it was passed, and that in the vast majority of cases those victimised do not appeal to the Commissioner owing to the enormous difficulties experienced in placing their cases before him in a legal manner.

Some searching questions

With regard to the statement that 2,400 cases have been dealt with, we should very much like to know what is meant by that part of the answer.

Does it mean that these cases have been sifted to the bottom, and that the complaints have been dealt with fully by the Commissioner? or does it merely mean that an official acknowledgment of them has been sent?

And we would like to know from the Treasury whether that constitutes in their opinion a proper, sufficient and effective dealing with the cases.

Furthermore, we should welcome enlightenment as to how many of these cases have been dealt with fully in the presence of both parties or of the representatives of both parties, and we would like an answer as to how many of these people who have lodged complaints have received full satisfaction—that is, how many of them have secured the full sums assured or the return of the premiums as the case may be.

Hindering regulations

For the benefit of members of Parliament and our readers generally, we give the *modus operandi* which has to be carried out before a case can be "effectively" dealt with by the Commissioner.

In the first instance, the victimised policyholder has to write to the office of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner, at 17, North Audley Street, W.1, and attempt to state his grievance.

He is then written to from the Commissioner's office, and asked to submit a full statement of his case, a thing which it is next to impossible for him to do because he does not in the least understand the technicalities of industrial assurance.

This statement has to be forwarded to the Commissioner's office with a fee of 2s. 6d. for every £10 in dispute, and after a period a fresh form is sent down to the complainant which has to be completed in a proper and legal manner, and must contain a full and complete statement of the case.

In addition, this form has to be witnessed by a magistrate or a Commissioner for Oaths.

After tortuous paths

The case is then put down for hearing, and it may be heard, as many cases are, in the office of the Commissioner at 17, North Audley Street, W.1, or it may be heard in some place in the vicinity in which the complainant resides.

Mr. G. Stuart Robertson K.C., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies and Industrial Assurance Commissioners

Unequal combat

The poor person who is victimised must then appear before the Commissioner and state his case, and as ninety-nine out of every hundred of these poor people cannot be legally represented, they have to appear themselves and state their own case.

Nine out of ten of these policyholders have never been in a court before, and our experience is that, in the vast majority of cases, the victims would rather lose their money than face an ordeal of this kind.

Furthermore, even if they do take their courage in both hands and appear before the Commissioner, they are faced in court by the highly-paid solicitors employed by the companies, who have full knowledge of all the technicalities of industrial assurance, whereas they themselves do not understand the various points raised, and are absolutely lost and flabbergasted.

We repeat that such proceedings are a hollow mockery and a sham, and that in such circumstances the appellants are at a distinct disadvantage.

We demand in the name of common justice an immediate and drastic alteration of this system in order that the millions of people who are being victimised in every corner of the land may have a chance of securing justice, and of obtaining that to which they are legally entitled from these great multi-millionaire industrial assurance companies.

The following is a glaring example of the failure to carry out the provisions of the Industrial Assurance Act of 1923.

A damning receipt

In the year 1924, the daughter of Mrs. Yates, of Jump, near Barnsley, died, and at her death this poor woman was entitled to a sum of money; but instead of paying the full sum assured to this claimant, a deduction of £9 was made in respect of arrears of premiums alleged to have been due on other policies in force on the lives of various members of this family.

The following is a copy of a statement signed by the agent of the company admitting the deduction of this amount, the original of which is in our possession:—

June 30th, 1924.

Received from Mrs. Louisa A. Yates, the sum of nine pounds (£9 0s. 0d.) *re* premiums paid in insurance books dating from June ending 1920 to 1924.

Signed on this 30th day of June.

It is an offence under the Industrial Assurance Act to deduct moneys in respect of any arrears on any policy other than the one upon which the claim is being paid, and anyone so deducting moneys is liable under clause 26 to a fine not exceeding £100.

We reported the whole of these facts to the Commissioner, and forwarded to him the whole of the documents in the case, but in a letter to us dated June 23, 1926, the Commissioner states that he cannot take any action in respect to this transaction.

What we cannot understand

We should like to know the reason why. We think Parliament should want to know the reason why. What is the use of an Act of Parliament if its provisions can be so easily and so shamelessly evaded?

We are at a loss to understand the apathy of Parliament in the face of such robbing of the widows and orphans.

We cannot conceive why men charged with the duty of looking after the interests of the poor and needy remain silent while their own Acts of Parliament are made the cover for these cruel frauds.

Is there no one with the necessary pluck to challenge the whole hideous system?

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

EVERY traveller reaches the end of the road at last. What awaits him round the last bend may be sunlight or shadow. It all depends—and often the most unexpected hand may lift the clouds.

THE END OF THE ROAD

An Open Letter to Sir Harry Lauder

Sir Harry Lauder

DEAR SIR HARRY,—In one of the wards of my hospital there lay a man of sixty-three, suffering from an incurable and painful disease.

When he first came to us, to use his own words, he was "down and out." Yet in spite of this shabby and unkempt appearance he carried about him an air of refinement, and when he spoke his words marked him as a man of education and culture.

Of himself he would say nothing, and he even refused to disclose his name. It was his speech which betrayed him, and from his broad dialect we knew that he hailed from "bounie Scotland." That is why we christened him "Jock," and he was content with this designation.

A happy thought

One day, after a spasm of excruciating pain, Jock was heard humming one of your songs. When I told you about it, out of the goodness of your heart, you sent him not only a kindly greeting, but you made him a present of the words and music of this song.

What your thoughtfulness did for him makes it incumbent upon me to write this letter to you.

When you broadcast on the wireless a few weeks ago I sat for a few minutes by Jock's bedside. He was just like an excited schoolboy. After you had sung two or three times he turned to me and whispered, "Is he no' gang tae sing ma sang?" It seemed as though he was to be disappointed, but then your cheery voice announced the last item and Jock was satisfied.

A touching story

As long as I live I shall never forget the effect it had upon that man. Jock's face shone with a wonderful light as he heard you sing:

"Keep right on to the end of the road,
Keep right on to the end,
Tho' the way be long, let your heart be strong,
Keep right on round the bend.
Tho' you're tired and weary
Still journey on till you come to your happy abode,
Where all you love you've been dreaming of,
Will be there at the end of the road."

It was just what this poor fellow wanted. He had had his fits of depression, caused not only by his illness, but there was also something preying on his mind, which from time to time he vaguely hinted at.

After you had called out "Good-night, everybody," I turned to him and said, "Now, lights out and to sleep."

MR. PHILIP INMAN desires to thank most sincerely "In Sympathy" for an anonymous contribution of a £50 banknote (No. 472.6). He is deeply touched by this kindly generosity, and he will see that the donor's wishes are carried out to the best possible advantage.

"No jist yet," he said appealingly, "I wad like tae speak tae ye."

Then in the stillness of that ward he told me his story.

For thirty years he had been a schoolmaster, a dominee I think you would call him, not far from Aberdeen. He had a happy home, a good wife, and two bairns—a girl and a boy.

The boy was to be a "meenister," and he was at college when war broke out. The lad responded to his country's call and he exchanged his student's gown for a suit of khaki.

Six months later he paid the supreme sacrifice, and in that Scottish hame a broken-hearted mother had, within a month, followed her boy into the Great Beyond.

"I cou'dna face life wi'oot them," muttered Jock brokenly, "and I've nairy bin the same man since."

For a few minutes there was silence between us. Then he took from underneath his pillow an old wallet.

He took out a number of snapshots. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish them, but one I saw was of a homely little woman whom he tenderly called "his wee wifie." "That's ma laddie," he went on, "and here's ma lassie."

"But where's your girl now?" I asked him.

"I've no hearrd frae her these eight years. She's maybe wi' her mither's sister in Edinburgh."

The sunshine arrives

Then as if he wanted to change the subject he picked up the copy of your song again and said, "Man, could ye read me those words he sang the nicht?"

When I came to the lines—

"Where all you love you've been dreaming of,
Will be there at the end of the road,"

he asked me, "D'ye ken that's richt?" "I'm sure it is," I answered. "Then a'm satisfied," he said.

Within twenty-four hours Jock's daughter was by his bedside. A telegram had been sent to the address in Edinburgh and at once she had responded to the S.O.S.

With her father she stayed until the end. Not long before he passed away she sang for him, at his request, "The End of the Road."

You, I know, have not escaped sorrow in your own life. In the European war you lost your only boy. I do not mention these things to reawaken tragic memories. Far be that from me.

I thought you ought to know that for one man you transformed misery into melody and helped him to face the end of the road "with a big stout heart."—Yours sincerely,

Philip Inman.

Try this *Quick* lunch

Here's one way to take advantage of the nourishment, flavour and saving of Quaker Oats. See how little time, trouble and gas to make this *Quick* Quaker Savoury Mould takes.

Savoury Mould

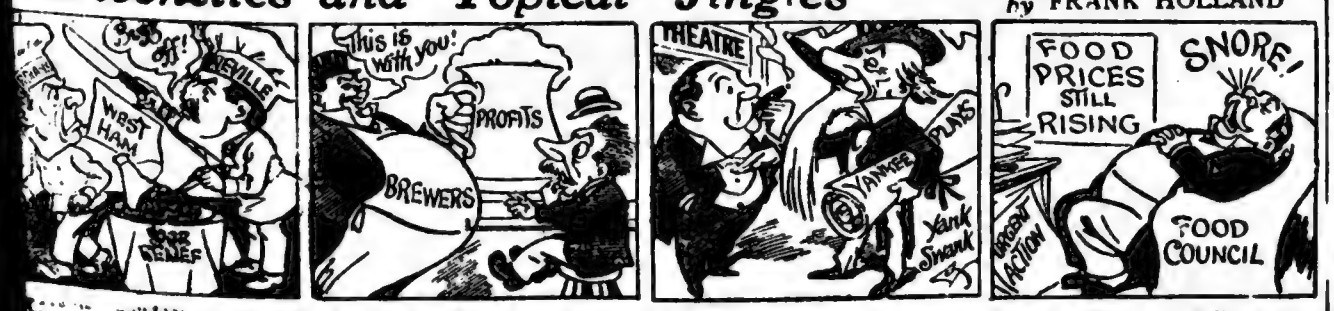
2 ozs. of cooked ham and 1 hard-boiled egg. Chop fine. Make custard with one egg and small cup of milk. Mix all together with salt, pepper and mixed herbs to taste. Cook 3 minutes. Stir 1 breakfast cupful of *Quick* Quaker into ¾ pint of milk. Cook 5 minutes. Pour small quantity of porridge into mould, then a layer of the mixture, and so on until the mould is full. Turn out when cold.

Try this summer way of reducing *your* cost of living and increasing your energy.

Quick Quaker

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



"We showed you 'on the steel.' Going to rob you of your job And serve this 'Ham' myself."

Ever bigger grows this figure, Where is it to stop? Must he fatten, always batten On "our little drop"?

"All the manners, no newcomers, Fill your stage to-day; And your plays, sir, nowadays, sir, Come from U.S.A.!"

Figures ... of living Ever upward going! What's this weary, dozy, dreary, Futile Council doing?

From a painting by Christopher Clark, R.I.

The quality and flavour of the famous Big Greys is now obtainable in .....

The NEW SIZE

Greys

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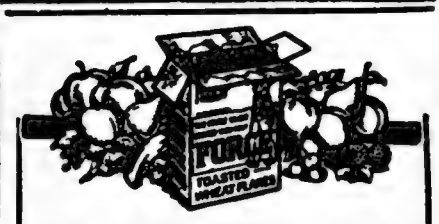

SPLENDID WITH *all* FRUIT

FORCE

WHOLE *WHEAT* FLAKES
MALTED AND TOASTED

FREE SAMPLE OF "FORCE"

Sign and tear out this Coupon. Post it to (Dept. 6a), A. C. Fincken & Co., 107, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. A *free sample* will be sent you in return.

NAME .....

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THE QUEEN OF TOUCHERS

POSING AS A LADY OF TITLE

How She Spoofed the Newspapers

A MORE amazing career of crime than that of the woman who is the central figure of this story would be hard to find.

Clever, well educated and beautiful, her earlier life was marked with sterling achievements in artistic circles.

Had her talents been confined to these channels they might have carried her far, but she turned instead to a life of crime, and, captivating dupes of all kinds and classes, soon numbered her victims by the score.

Her real name is Dorothy Ficker.

She first achieved prominence a number of years ago when many of the London papers favoured her with some helpful and quite widespread publicity.

One paper, for example, published a charming photograph depicting her driving a pair of fine horses, with her favourite bull-dog seated beside her in her carriage.

Below this photographic study appeared a story in which the lady was referred to not as "Miss Dorothy Ficker," but as "Lady M. Somerset." It was stated that she had kindly given her support to a gentleman who was then standing for Parliament.

Her ladyship vanishes

Many people very reasonably surmised from this publicity that the kind-hearted gentlewoman was a titled lady of means and position, but we ourselves were not amongst that number. It only called for a few simple enquiries to confirm our doubts.

We found that she described herself in full as Lady Mercia Somerset, and that, only a few weeks before posing with her favourite bull-dog for Parliamentary purposes, she had been living in Hampshire Street, Camden Road, in a style which seemed strangely odd for titled folk.

Her "town residence" in Hampshire Street was, to be exact, confined to a couple of rooms over a mews.

We might have passed over this fact had it stood alone; but the additional discovery that her ladyship was owing bills to tradespeople all over the district, and was showing a remarkable reluctance to pay them, called for some comment.

One creditor, a provision merchant, tired of her endless excuses and took out a summons against Lady Mercia, who showed how ladylike she could be by disdaining to appear at the court.

The result was that a judgment was registered against her, but by the time a bailiff was entrusted with the delicate matter of claiming a titled lady's belongings, Lady Mercia had disappeared from her town residence and could not be found.

Growing pile of debts

Had she migrated to Mayfair, the heart of Society? No. She had merely flitted to Fulham Road, where a committal order for debt was eventually served upon her.

As this document was made out in the name of Lady Mercia Somerset, spinster, she refused to acknowledge it on the ground that she was a married woman, her husband being named Rogers.

In her new district debts soon began to pile up against her, and her marked reluctance to honour her bills did not seem to fit in with the dog-cart and Parliamentary activities.

Fearing that the real aim in obtaining publicity was for ulterior reasons, we favoured her with some of a different sort in the columns of this journal.

One result of our comments was that we were inundated with complaints concerning her swindling past. Most of these were from defrauded shopkeepers, and they came from all over the country. One gentleman wrote from Shortlands, Kent, as follows:

"You are doing good service in exposing this lady. The lady, her brother (Lionel), two little girls, and another man, supposed to be her groom—in reality, Maurice Rogers, her husband—took a house in Shortlands in the spring of 190?, paying a quarter's rent in advance.

"They very quickly obtained credit from various tradespeople here to the extent of over £100. I was the first to take action, and was non-suited against the lady by Judge Emden at Bromley County Court, who gave judgment against the husband.

"Just after this the whole gang disappeared, and I found them at Rayleigh, Essex, where they were up to the same game."

The fact that this complaint referred to a series of swindles which were commenced ten years before her Camden Road exploits proves that she was an old hand at duping tradespeople.

Whilst at Rayleigh she passed as an actress of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It was true that she had once appeared at that famous theatre in the capacity of ballet-dancer and had been on tour.

But what she omitted to tell the people whowere supplying her with goods on credit was that her theatrical career had ended when she stole certain articles from a fellow artiste!

But her career could not go on for ever, and at last the police got on her track and discovered, somewhat belatedly, that her much flaunted title was a bogus one.

She was eventually arrested and charged at West London Police Court for pawning goods which did not belong to her. She appeared in the name of Lady Mercia Somerset and was sent to prison.

A remarkable record

Then, some time afterwards, she received a further term of imprisonment at Cirencester for obtaining money by false pretences.

This was followed by another conviction at Brentwood, and, finally, at the Old Bailey, two years ago, she received twenty-one months' hard labour for fraud.

Her aliases included Lady Fitzjohn, and, apart from her self-styled rank, Mavis Redfern, Avis Fitzroy, Mercia Rogers, Marie Rogers, Irene Rodgers, Roma Rodgers, Agnes and Mercia Calham, Jane Jones, and so on.

We are glad that we saw through this woman years ago and exposed her as she deserved to be exposed.

She has just figured slightly in the news again, being charged at Southend and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing goods from a shop and obtaining money from a clergyman by false pretences.

A woman named Martha Jones, alias Edna Gordon, alias Ida Amore, was charged with her and bound over. She was one of the "little girls" mentioned by our Shortlands' reader—a daughter of this society swindler!

The Sentence of the Court

ICE-CREAM AND CRIME

The Curfew Curse

THERE was general surprise in court when, in answer to a charge of interfering with the transfer of foodstuffs in a time of national emergency, there stepped into the dock, not a bearded Bolshevist, but the smooth-faced Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

"This case," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is not one left over from the general strike. The period of national emergency referred to is the recent heat wave, at the height of which a Hastings refreshment-shop proprietor was pounced upon by minions of the accused for selling ice-cream and biscuits after 8 p.m.

"This shopkeeper had obtained a refreshment-house licence, under which she is graciously permitted to sell meals until 5 a.m., and she thought that ice-cream and biscuits constituted a meal, though neither the Chief Constable, the Shops Inspector nor the Town Clerk, all of whom she consulted, could give her definite information on the point.

"The fact that the Home Secretary's own shops inspectors do not know what is or is not legal under the ridiculous Shops Act is not surprising, for it would require the brain of an Einstein and the patience of a Job to master its intricacies.

"This Jix-saw puzzle is, in fact, one of 'Dora's' discredited war babies, and it should long ago have been presented with a length of red-tape with which to hang itself."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that to expect the Home Secretary to repeal legislation every time a small shopkeeper brought himself within the law was absurd. Sir William has much more important work to do in frustrating the knavish tricks of Moscow. If people wanted to eat ice-cream after 8 p.m. they could do so merely by ordering a proper legal meal of corned beef and carrots.

* * *

"I agree with what counsel has said regarding the brain-fagging intricacies of this preposterous Act," said Mr. Justice Bull. "The whole measure appears to have been designed by the second-cousin of a cross-word puzzle expert twice removed—the second time to Colney Hatch.

"I do not wonder that shopkeepers are singing hymns of eight against the prisoner when I contemplate the amazing list of things which cannot be sold after this arbitrary curfew hour.

"Why in the name of common-sense a person who wishes to buy a cigarette after 8 p.m. should have to purchase a sardine on toast I cannot imagine, and it is equally difficult to understand why after this hour a bun becomes a criminal offence while a sponge cake retains its unblemished respectability.

"These bizarre 'mays' and 'mustn'ts' may gratify the prisoner's distorted sense of humour, but, at the end of a perfect beast of a day, an overheated citizen needs an unusually keen sense of humour to smile when informed that he cannot buy ice-cream, but the law has no objection to his making a meal of roasted monkey-nuts.

"Absurd restrictions of this kind are seriously interfering with trade, especially in seaside towns, and are driving many people into spending their holidays abroad. Unless the prisoner undertakes to forbid the 'bans,' I must direct him to take out letters-patent changing his name to Sir William Killjoynson-Hicks."

WRITE TO THE BARRY SERVICE ONCE AGAIN

STEPHEN DONOGHUE
(The World-Famous Jockey)
Dressed by BARRY
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

No matter if you have seen our patterns in past Seasons—write to us again. Your enquiry is always welcome whether you order or not. Our ever-growing business increases our buying facilities every year, and the value we are able to place before you, to-day, eclipses anything ever before offered—even by ourselves.

AN AMAZING GUARANTEE

Then think about our amazing guarantee—a pledge never before extended in the whole history of tailoring—and you must surely, at once, realise that ours is a Tailoring Service without parallel. We will forfeit 2/6 more than you pay if we fail to satisfy you completely and utterly.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

FREE Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Learn how to measure yourself in a few seconds with an accuracy rivalling that of the qualified tailor. We absolutely guarantee the result.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS OR CALL.
Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

HERE ARE SOME OF OUR SPECIALITIES:

ALL WOOL TWEED SUIT to measure for £2:0:0	A LONDON SHRUNK. TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN, 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT Made to your Special Measures for £3:3:0	An £8:8:0 SUPERFINE WORSTED SUIT to measure for £4.10:0

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The Famous BARRICO Tailor-made TRENCH COAT

(The Absolutely Genuine Officer's 4 in 1 model)

Original Price ~~45/-~~ Special Offer 30/- POST PAID

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, for there is no coat on the market more serviceable in our variable climate. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this wonderful Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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Now let us send you a 10-day tube to try

We worked for 18 months perfecting Palmolive Shaving Cream. The 130th formula tested was the first to please us.

We knew we had a tough job before us winning men. Most of you were wedded to a favourite cream or stick. Outstanding superiority was our only chance.

We asked 1,000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then set out to meet them.

We met those desires and more with a cream that gives you these new shaving comforts unknown before.

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5—*The palm and olive oils content leaves the face in fine condition.*

10 Shaves Free

Now in justice to yourself, and in courtesy to us, please accept a 10-day tube free.

Give us a chance to prove our claims. Find out for yourself whether your present method is not failing in some important ways.

PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

REGD. JB

10 Shaves Free

Simply fill up and address to The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21-23, Eagle Street, W.C.1.

*Name*_____

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J.B. '1/7/26 P187

The Best Cut

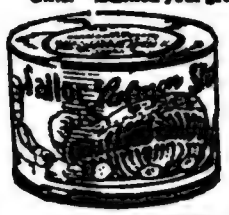
"The best cut from the best fish" properly describes SAILOR SALMON SLICE. In the flat round tins you will find one perfect section of royal red salmon—as appetising and as perfect as if it had just been lifted from the river.

It is the tastiest relish you could wish for.

Remember the name—SAILOR SALMON SLICE.

Important—FREE OFFER.

A 6d. illustrated Recipe book of dainty dishes prepared with a minimum of cooking, *free*. Contains a complete week's menus and details of valuable Gifts. Mention your grocer's name and address.



The name Angus Watson on any Ready-to-serve food means the best of its kind.

ANGUS WATSON & Co., Limited.
64, Sailor Gardens, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Is that CORN COMING BACK AGAIN?

Did you merely cut the top off? And is the *ROOT STILL THERE?* If it is, the corn will certainly come back bigger than ever. The business end of a corn is the *ROOT* and you must get that *OUT*. The *top* doesn't matter.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come, root and all. The refined **Reudel Bath Saltrates** costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

The Devil's Cauldron

A Brutal Bigamist—Fair-weather Friends—Tell-tale Letters

"I AM nearing two score years of a life of effortless and selfish existence. In my youth I was a brilliant scholar, my educational attainments having been made possible by a hard-working father and a loving mother.

"At twenty, I held a good commercial position; I was an accomplished linguist and socially a young hero.

"I possessed the charm of personality and had a grasp of political affairs which, coupled with a talent for oratory, gained for me a seat on the front bench of the local parliamentary debating society.

"All too soon a desire to star among my acquaintances led me on to the road that has brought me to my present unenviable condition. A quickly formed habit of nipping in the saloon bar, and I had slipped into the devil's cauldron.

"A period elapsed during which I enjoyed a false sense of well-being and self-deception regarding my own superiority, then the tired eye, aching head, and soul sickness which I sought to cure by larger draughts of the potion which induced it.

"A hint, many hints came from my employer, followed by dismissal.

"I pulled myself together, and secured a Government appointment abroad. After two years I found myself presiding at the dining-table with admiring friends and colleagues around me.

"John Barleycorn whispered, 'Celebrate, you are not a weakling'—and I celebrated.

"NO need for me to describe how my devotion to the bottle grew until it became the chief thing in my life. All too quickly came my public disgrace, followed by the order to return to England.

"My addiction to drink rendered me hard and conscienceless in my selfishness, though a splendid girl has waited for me and still thinks I am not bad at heart.

"I have been sober for some weeks and I shall make a last effort to overcome my weakness, but I know that the hellish craving will soon be upon me again, and I am not very hopeful of the outcome of my efforts."

"HUMANIST" says: *You are in danger of losing your battle before you have begun to fight through lack of faith. I believe there is a Power which is concerned to uplift humanity and provide strength for moral weaklings. Get on to your knees and, if you pray with faith, that strength will be yours. Do not be discouraged by previous failures.*

* * *

"I AM greatly upset by information that has reached me concerning the scandalous conduct of a relative. This man's wife died some years ago and, not long afterwards, he married again. He ultimately deserted his second wife and lived for a long while as a single man.

Bigamist's Trickery

"He then met a war widow with one child and asked her to marry him. Believing him to be single, she accepted him, and all arrangements were made for the marriage.

"Before the wedding-day arrived, however, someone warned the woman that he had a wife living. She naturally asked him if this was true.

"He told her that he was not surprised that such a rumour had reached her ears, because, as a matter of fact, he was a widower, but had not liked to tell her so.

"Then, to convince her, he actually took her to the place where his first wife was buried and showed her the grave. Satisfied by his explanation and the evidence of the tombstone, she married him and has borne him two children.

"The poor soul is still unaware that his second wife is still alive with two children that were born before he deserted her.

"From all I can gather this war widow is none too happy with him, and there seems to be nothing to prevent him from deserting her and her children and playing the same dirty trick on somebody else. Do you think I should open her eyes to the true state of affairs?"

"HUMANIST" says: *This is one of the most shameful pieces of trickery I have heard of. I think you should tell her, so that she may take steps to secure an order making provision for her children before he crowns his infamy by disappearing.*

* * *

"I AM a sunny-tempered girl of twenty-one, fond of the companionship of my fellow-creatures with a natural desire to love and be loved, just like any other normally minded girl.

False Friendship

"Some time ago I had a serious illness and, for a time, my life was despaired of. I recovered only to learn, however, that henceforth I must consider myself a chronic invalid unable to take part in the active pursuits in which I have previously engaged.

"When I realised this and heard the pitying remarks of my friends, I felt my fate was almost more than I could endure.

"Their expressions of sympathy were refined torture to me and I decided to get away from my old surroundings and suffer, since suffer I must, alone where no one knew me.

"After nearly a year of lonely existence, I find myself reflecting sadly upon how easily and quickly the friends of my girlhood have forgotten me. They know where I am, but they have never even written to me.

"My condition confines me indoors, and I have practically no opportunities of making new friendships. I am wondering now whether I am condemned to a life of utter loneliness or how I may obtain companionship that will brighten my life."

"HUMANIST" says:—*It is very distressing to be deserted in misfortune, but you now know that your so-called friends were valueless. I am sure that if you write to the local secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society she will be able to put you into touch with someone less selfish than your old acquaintances—someone who would willingly visit you and endeavour to brighten your existence.*

True Friendship

MANY of "Humanist's" readers would gladly show true friendship to those among their immediate acquaintances who are suddenly overwhelmed by misfortune. When all around are prosperous, there may be no immediate opportunity for them to show their friendship, but they can always be true friends to those in need by sending a subscription to the "Greatest of These—" Fund. (See p. 34.)

"A FRIEND of mine still in her teens some time ago met a man whom she rather admired and she agreed to his suggestion that they should go to places of amusement together. After a while she became aware that he was married, but, instead of dropping him at once, she allowed the association to continue until at last she realised that she had no love for him, when she gave up seeing him any more.

Youthful Indiscretion

"She is in a state of distress now because in the early days of her association with him she wrote him a number of affectionate letters and she is in terror lest his wife should discover them and draw from them a false conclusion.

"She has become engaged to be married, but she is continually in a state of anxiety regarding these letters, and apparently nothing will give her peace of mind except to have them returned, or to know that they have been destroyed.

"She has asked me whether I think it would be wise for her to approach this man and ask him either to return or destroy the correspondence.

"She is also in doubt whether she should tell her fiancé about it."

"HUMANIST" says: *A man cannot be compelled to hand over or destroy letters addressed to him. Most likely your friend is needlessly distressing herself, for probably the man has destroyed the letters himself. She should be able to trust her fiancé sufficiently to explain her youthful indiscretion to him so that she need not fear any unpleasant surprise.*

* * *

Needless Distress

"A year ago I was married in the name by which I have been known for twenty-seven years. I have just discovered that I was born before my parents married and was registered in my mother's maiden name. My wife is terribly upset about this, as she imagines our marriage was illegal and that our newly-arrived baby is illegitimate. Is this so?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your wife is quite needlessly distressing herself. It was perfectly proper for you to be married in the name by which you were generally known, and your child is quite legitimate.*

Mars-in-law

"I was compelled to separate from my wife owing to the continual interference of her mother. Now I find they want to send our little boy to a school to which I strongly object. Have I no rights in the matter?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your marriage appears to be one of many marred by mothers-in-law, but if that is the only cause of your disagreement, I would urge you to start afresh somewhere out of reach of your wife's relatives. You can then probably come to some agreement with your wife regarding your boy's education.*

An Impossible Marriage

"An answer to the following enquiry will relieve a terrible anxiety. Can a man marry his sister's daughter, if not in church, at a register office, and is there any penalty for doing so if it is illegal?"

"Humanist" says:—*Such a marriage is quite impossible. It is not only forbidden by law, but it would be terribly wrong morally, and any person attempting to contract such a marriage by misrepresentation would be liable to severe penalties.*

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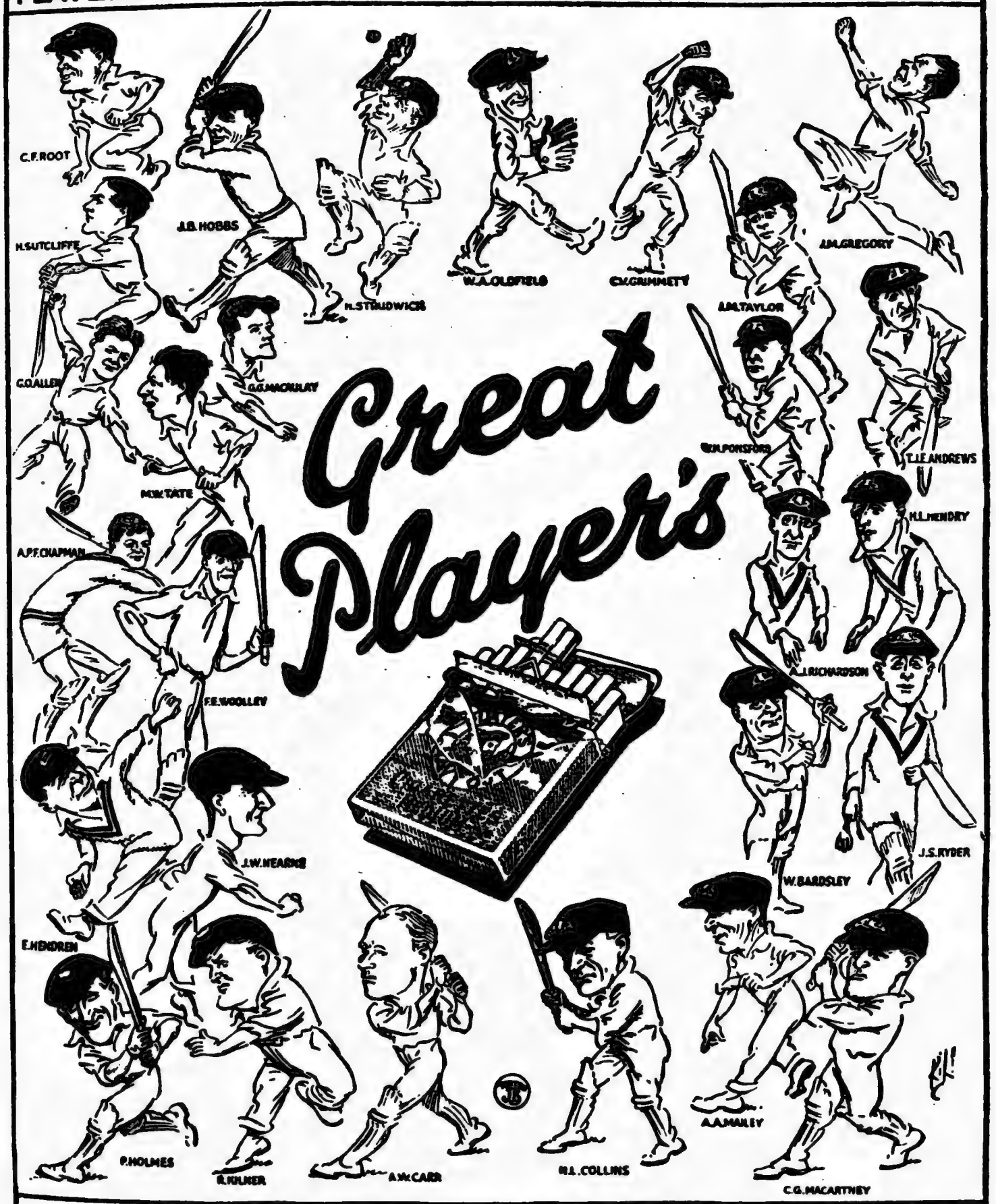

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"WOODBINE WILLIE," in his powerful article, "The Peer and the Pup," hits the nail on the head every time. Lying cannot help the individual nor the nation. Lying amongst individuals leads to distrust and hate, and amongst nations to war. Let us have in all our newspapers, as in JOHN BULL, the truth.—*Harry Thompson, Yorks.*

Exploded Dogmas

More power to the elbow of "Woodbine Willie" in his campaign against lies and half-truths. A fruitful field for his onslaught would be the Church to which he belongs. Are not the seeds of an easy tolerance of lies and half-truths sown in the pulpits and Sunday-schools where dogmas and beliefs are taught which a little knowledge easily disproves? The Churches still preach and teach doctrines which have long ago been modified or exploded.—*A. R., Hatcham.*

Blind Divines

It is a pity there is only one "Woodbine Willie," for we could do with thousands of his type. It is fine to read his article after listening to a so-called sermon. What a pity these "very learned men" have their heads in the clouds so far as everyday problems are concerned. In my young days, the "auld kirk" was a house of torture. I sat in misery listening to "Firstly," "Secondly," "Thirdly," and "In conclusion, my dear brethren."—*An Old Woman, Arbroath.*

Liars Going Cheap

"Woodbine Willie's" biting reference to Lord Hunsdon must make that august personage squirm when he reads it. To say that the miners are our enemies is a foul lie. There are too many liars in this country at the present time, and a little more truth and sincerity in our relations one with another would strengthen the ties that at the present time are almost at breaking point.—*F. B., Sidcup.*

Are Men Liars?

An eminent lawyer once said he could not frame an indictment against a whole nation, but the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy can incontinently indict the entire human race! His sweeping assertions and accusations of wholesale lying carry with them their own refutation. His statement that lying is natural and that humanity must be either lectured or "licked" out of the habit cannot, in the interests of ordinary sanity and intellectual honesty, be allowed to pass unchallenged.—*Loftus Dale, Denville.*

Unpleasant Truth

It is too much the fashion at the present time for men and women to accept what others say, and save themselves the trouble of thinking for themselves. Your contributor shows how easy it is to deceive such by half-truths, the worst form of lying. Prophesy pleasant things and you get a ready hearing, but the truth is not always pleasant. The miners' cause is a good one, but hard work and increased output alone will meet the present situation. Any other plea deceives and misleads.—*G. H., Newcastle.*

White Lies

While no excuse can be made for out-and-out liars, I rather think that those who tell "white lies" may receive forgiveness. This type of lie is nearly always told to shield someone other than the teller, who stands to gain nothing by his action, and this act of unselfishness—call it mistaken unselfishness if you will—is surely not a heinous crime.—*Occasional Liar, Scotland.*

"J. B.'s" Platform

What a pity all leaders of the Church are not more like the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, who is not afraid to have his articles published in such a prominent paper as JOHN BULL. His articles are stirring and honest. We need more of this reading and preaching to bring the people to their senses.—*W. D., Birmingham.*

Whose Fault?

"Woodbine Willie" says, "Lies and half-truths are the fashion, and the people suffer thereby." Quite true; and the people who suffer are partly to blame. Patronising anything-but-the-truth newspapers and half-truth politicians is the root of the evil. The remedy is, Let the people ignore the falsehood-mongers and demand "the right to truth and justice."—*Truth, Hamilton.*

What Truth Is

The free-and-easy way in which lies are told in everyday life suggests that they are an essential factor to the maintenance of our social existence. Truth is conformity between thought and reality and admits of no divergence. Why need so fine a fabric be shattered and replaced by a structure founded on lies? Many of our industrial troubles would never arise were it not for lying in the initial stage.—*Harry Clinton, Warminster.*

Where the Profits Go

An advertisement in a newspaper, paid for by rich men, says the loss on the mines can only be averted in two ways—by lengthening the day or lowering wages. Not a word about taking a little of the many thousands received by royalty-owners. It states, further, that it costs the taxpayer £21 for every miner employed to keep mines open, or £23,000,000 in all. How much does it cost the taxpayer to give royalty-owners their enormous profits?—*Let Live, Wallasey.*

A Policy Wanted

Before we can have peace in the coal industry, the leaders on both sides must put forth a policy on constructive lines, not on destructive lines. If the miners' leaders can't say what terms they will accept, let them leave the job to sensible men, to invite the owners to a round-table conference with an independent chairman.—*Citizen, St. Ninian's.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"POCKET STORY TELLER":—"And now his FACE was shaken and husky."

"MERTHYR EXPRESS":—"The CEREMONY was a string of pearls."

"HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND POST": "Sooner or later the Navy must fall into line with the Army by giving full opportunity to RISE from TOP to BOTTOM."

"HOME NOTES":—"He shook his head GRUFFLY."

"VIOLET MAGAZINE":—"His eyes took her in from top to toe, from the shining masses of blue-black hair to a daintily shodfoot oversilken-clad ankles."

"YOUNG'S MAGAZINE" (U.S.A.):—"She hugged the thought to her breast that news of her marriage to ANOTHER WOMAN would cause him deep suffering."

An Unholy Alliance

Seeing that the Salvation Army is a strong supporter of the League of Nations, why does it still use military titles, such as Lieut.-Col., Major, etc.? Is it wise for them to use the same titles as men connected with the slaughter of their fellow-creatures?—*James H. Giles, Bristol.*

Poisoning the Kiddies

Cannot the authorities do something to stop the sale of bad fruit to children? The other day I saw a boy for a penny get a heap of fruit that should have been consigned to the dust-bin. What must be the effect on the children's health through eating such vile stuff?—*H. C., Birmingham.*

Dangerous Sharks

The Government should stop the widespread and mischievous guesswork of fortune-telling. It is becoming a definite danger to the nation. I recently heard of a woman being made ill by the rubbish told her by one of these sharks. Much domestic unhappiness is being caused by their devilish work. The practice should be made a criminal offence.—*Dorothy, Sutton.*

Work or Starve

One reads with astonishment the decision of Lichfield Guardians *re* stopping of relief to miners' wives and children. This treatment is beneath an Englishman's contempt. The board of guardians of this district has never stooped to anything so mean and has always been actuated by high motives and humane dispositions. Must the workers accept any terms and conditions of labour or otherwise be starved to death?—*S. A. S., Cannock.*

The Enemy in our Midst

During the war our men were told to go and fight the "baby-killers." We might have a similar slogan now, for as your contributor, Mr. David Arlott, shows, the "baby-killer" is now the enemy in our midst. He is the slum landlord whom your recent "Bullet" winner aptly described as the public's enemy and the publican's friend. It is time both slums and slum landlords were cleared out. It might cost a bit now, but it would save millions later on.—*Aunt Flora, Chelsea.*

Child Marriages

Mabel Horner's timely article on our phantom legal marriage age should be taken to heart by all clean-minded Britishers, and public opinion brought to bear in order to have this degrading state of affairs abolished, and a reasonable age limit brought into being. No sane man or woman could digest the facts brought to light in the article "Brides of Tragedy" without a deep feeling of revulsion towards the laxity of our jurisdiction in this matter.—*W. H., Middlesbro.*

Reason and Argument

One cannot altogether agree with the Rev. R. J. Campbell as to the futility of argument generally. It is true, as he says, that argument frequently "fans the flame of ill-feeling"; but whilst argument can be defined as "reason offered as proof," surely to argue is to perform a duty. JOHN BULL's forte is to adduce reasons, by those capable of giving them, for a certain line of action and as such must be commended. It is when persons are so narrow-minded as to refuse to allow reason to prevail over their own self-opinionated ideas that justice is thwarted.—*Peto, London.*

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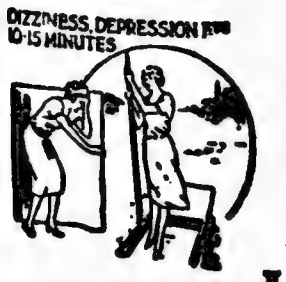

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24111—Mr. B. S. R. N., C.S., M.M.G.:—Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies have failed. Many of my patients would not be without them.

24118—Dr. T. V. N.:—I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of asthenia (General Weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24372—The Yeast-Vite tablets were a god-send. I have been in agony for a week, but one dose stopped the pain and I am able to get about again.

26167—I am a Hospital Sister, but owing to my health I am unable to carry on my duties. Yeast-Vite has done me considerable good. I have gained 5 lbs. in a few weeks.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite, this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25338—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21987—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.

22103—Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.

21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

20574—I heartily endorse all your claims Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

20643—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

22164—I am already feeling the benefit of Yeast-Vite although there is still some sugar; but I am not so fatigued, and the muscular rheumatism has gone entirely. I am resting better at night.

21982—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

22024—I am now entirely free from boils, the first time in two years.

21834—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this and let the public know how much good they have done me.

19997—I have suffered with stomach trouble for years, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am entirely cured. I have recommended them to many friends, and they all speak highly of them.

19387—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies.

12666—Diocesan for Befriending Girls: I am using them for my girls with great success. One very delicate girl gained 4 lb. in one week. I find them an excellent tonic.

1723—Am pleased to say that three of my friends have benefited as much as I, since I recommended them.

13501—Rev. J. P.: I was led by a fellow-sufferer to try them, and have received considerable benefit.

1001—I think them splendid and will certainly recommend them to all I know.

16866—We develop colds so quickly that the tablets are the only cure we have found.

1123—I am a hospital trained nurse, very anæmic. The tablets have done me a lot of good and improved me some pounds already.

10030—Send by return post as I cannot be without them. I suffer so much with indigestion that they relieve me immediately.

17413—I have spent a small "fortune" on "cures" for my indigestion, biliousness, bad breath and pimples, but after a week's treatment I am already feeling a different man.

1737—I have suffered for years with severe indigestion. Yeast-Vite is the only thing that has ever given me relief.

15672—Being full of wind, heartburn, and acidity, I often had to vomit. I now enjoy my food and life itself. No words of mine can adequately explain the merits of Yeast-Vite.

14777—The effect on me has been simply wonderful, both physical and mental.

10792—My sister is so limp without them. I will be thankful to see the tablets arrive.

10706—They have increased my son's weight 8 lb. and improved his nervous system generally.

987—Such a splendid tonic. I shall recommend them on account of the great improvement in my health.

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"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

Now for the Backers' Turn

The Layers have Held the Trump Cards—August for Form Horses—A Race for Turf Giants—Coronach and the Time Test—Dope Dangers

THIS week-end sees the Flat-race season half over. I think most backers will agree that so far the pencillers have held all the aces and most of the court cards.

Disastrous Nap Selections

I have before me a tell-tale table which shows how the nap selections of the popular Turf writers have fared supposing they have been backed on a level stake. The table gives twenty-six writers. One critic shows a profit of half a point. The remainder have debit balances ranging from three to fifty points.

Favourites have Failed

This may be considered bad tipping. In some cases it is, but the principal cause is due to the fact that more than ever before this has not been a favourites' year. In all the most important races—Classics, handicaps and weight-for-age events—only six horses have justified their position as first in the market. In the minor events their collapse has been overwhelming.

August for the Recovery

All punters are optimists—they have to be—and super-optimists will argue that the swing of the pendulum should favour backers from now onwards. Certainly in August favourites and form horses do particularly well.

A Layer's Lament

A well-known layer told me that this is far and away a record year for him, but he never counts his Treasury notes ere the end of November. In 1924 he found much satisfaction in looking at his pass-book until the Manchester November Handicap. Thirty per cent. of his clients backed Cloudbank and as he considered the race a gift for Daimyo he did not hedge a penny. Cloudbank won at 100 to 9 and bang went his profits and eight months' hard work.

This Week at A.P.

Another good programme has been arranged for Alexandra Park on Saturday. Wootton and Lambton are responsible for a number of entries. Globula and Rock-cake should win for Stanley. Lambton's best are Parsee and Spartleton. Don't forget to give Frank Hartigan's horses another chance at Brighton at the three-day meeting. He had four good winners last August, and seldom comes away empty-handed.

Why Dempsey is Going Home

I heard down at Sandown Park that Frank Dempsey, the popular Australian jockey, intends to return to his native country for good at the end of the present season. He cannot stand our climate at any price, and he is not too fond of our race-tracks, particularly when he compares them to those "down under." Dempsey was the only jockey of note whose mounts last year showed a profit backed on a level stake. He is also on the right side this season.

A Race for Equine Giants

I am not very keen on American stunt races. The Papyrus affair was a tragic fiasco, and they have not been able to lure us on since. Not satisfied with many rebuffs, the New York Jockey Club has sent its president over to sound Europe once more regarding the possibility of a £50,000 race to be run at Miami and open to the champions of each country. They say they want to see Coronach, Solario, Apelle, Biribi and Madrigal taking part in a race against the best they have in America, but I cannot say I am impressed with their chances of bringing it off. Still, the Americans are keen on it and may make it worth somebody's while to fall in with their wishes. They are on a sounder proposition when they suggest sending horses to the States for the jumping season, for Tony Escott and others are ready to fall in with this.

Satrap and the Greys

I have been asked if I have seen a better two-year-old than The Satrap. I have not, but Goodwood often reveals a champion for the first time. Sansovino opened his winning career, which culminated in the Derby, at the Sussex meeting. The Satrap is a distinctive grey, and is a delight to watch in action, but I am afraid his legs will cause a great deal of trouble in training. It will be remembered that his sire, The Tetrarch, never ran as a three-year-old for the same reason, but he is earning fabulous sums at the stud. The origin of the greys is a very interesting subject, which would need columns to be explained thoroughly, but they all trace back to either one of two horses, Alcock's Arabian and Brownlow Turk.

Major McCalmont, owner of The Satrap

Hurry On Horses in Demand

Some of the best judges of horse flesh in France were at Sandown to see the Eclipse run, and they were much impressed with the way Coronach won his race. They now regard him as a champion and some of the glory is reflected on his sire Hurry On, with the result that there is a big demand in France for this stock for breeding purposes. They are fortunate in having Town Guard on the spot as a representative of the line, and no doubt they will make the most of it.

When the Time Test Fails

I know one or two people who had never considered Coronach a great horse until after the Eclipse. They are disciples of the time test, but to me this method of reasoning is very unsound unless one takes into account the nature of the courses, the state of the going and luck in running. A bit of a tall order. Coronach's time for the Derby was 2m. 47⅘s., or 13⅘s. slower than Captain Cuttle's record time of 2m. 34⅘s. Coronach won the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot in 1m. 50⅘s. Zambo captured the same race last year in 1m. 34⅘s. Here there is a difference of nearly 16 seconds. Coronach cantered away with the Eclipse in 2m. 9⅘s. Polyphontes won the same prize in 1925 in 2m. 13⅘s., with Zambo second. The state of the going accounts for the remarkable difference in the times of Lord Woolavington's great horse.

Captain Cohn's Costly Failures

The followers of Captain Cohn had a very bad time at Sandown, but it would have been worse had the objection to Fort Flare not been sustained in favour of my code selection, King Arthur, who had been brought over solely with the idea of retrieving any losses that might be incurred over other horses. The horse is far better class than anything he was meeting, and it would have been a tragedy had the race been lost. The stable are still a little out on the trip and they will be coming again soon with an eye to making good their losses.

Santorb Sold

Santorb, last year's Gold Cup winner, has been purchased by Sir A. Black for 10,500 guineas. In addition to the Gold Cup, the son of Santoi won the Newbury Summer Cup, the Doncaster Cup, the Newmarket St. Leger, and many other races, netting over £8,000 in prize-money. Sir A. Black, his new owner, owned The Panther, the horse which caused a great sensation by his inglorious display in the Derby of 1919. Many shrewd race-goers are of the opinion that he was "got at."

A Letter from Rhodesia

In a recent issue of JOHN BULL I mentioned the folly of following jockeys' mounts. My notes on the subject have caught the eye of a reader in far-away Rhodesia and, as a result, I have received a very interesting letter. Although he is several thousand miles away my correspondent tells me that he follows English racing and makes it pay by backing the mounts of a well-known jockey only when he is riding long-shots. Ten to one he considers a fair price. He rules out all favourites as non-triers. I daren't mention "his jockey's" name as I am afraid I should get a writ for libel by express messenger, but judging from the rider's record Mr. Rhodesia is a pretty shrewd judge.

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

DOORWAY should be followed in the North from now onwards. The filly is certain to score for Peacock.

GAVIN will be a money-spinner for T. O'Sullivan. He bought this gelding out of a seller for 750 guineas and has already won two handicaps with him.

ORRINDOR.—I tipped the son of Flying Orb when he won at Newbury, but not at Sandown when he ran fourth. The three-year-old will pop up again soon.

JOCK TROTTER is Gilpin's best two-year-old. He was unluckily beaten by Good St. Anthony in the Great Kingston Plate.

SHIAN MOR.—With equal luck at the starting gate this youngster would have beaten Priscilla in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. She should never be missed.

CISTUS will pick up another good race for Taylor before long.

BE UP TO DATE

IN RACING.

It's the Only Road to Success.

READ THE "SPORTING LIFE"

2d. Daily 2d.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

R 2 A Y B U J O 3 X G V Q S

F H L M N Z P D C I K T W E

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the lines as the case may be.

NDDGASV would read BOOKLET.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 28, to Tuesday, August 3.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

DAVID COPE

AND

ALFRED H. MAURICE

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NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE.

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AGENTS WANTED. GOOD COMMISSION.

THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920

STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED

You cannot get less with the "Tote" in Daily Pools but you can often get better, study prices returned in Sporting Life and Sporting Chronicle daily.

An example of Ante-Post Pool prices returned last year.

FORSETI 40 to 1

MASKED MARVEL 140 to 1

THE DOUBLE 1860 to 1

EBOR HANDICAP ST. LEGER

First Pools, Singles and the Double Event close August 7.

Send a Postcard for full particulars,

THE TOTALISATOR,

St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH

The Open Road

AN UNJUST TAX

A Millstone on Motoring

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

MOTORISTS far and wide are crying to be relieved of the injustice of the present system of car taxation.

The horse-power tax is purely and simply a tax on ownership, and is bad both for the new and the second-hand car trades.

The injustice of the tax lies in the fact that the owner of, say, a 20-horse-power car doing 10,000 miles per year pays a tax of rather less than ¼d. per mile, while another who only does 2,500 miles on a similar car has to pay nearly 2d. per mile.

Think of it! A tax which alone exceeds all the actual costs of travelling put together!

A railway traveller pays no tax, because any wear and tear to which he contributes is inflicted on a track privately owned and maintained.

There is justification for taxing the motorist, because his vehicle is responsible for wearing a track which is public property—the open road.

But there is no justification for a tax which imposes unequal burdens on two owners of similar cars calculated to do equal amounts of damage on any given stretch of road.

WHY should the owner who travels over a longer stretch of road be afforded the benefit of a cheaper rate for the wear he causes?

Surely the tax in each case should be as nearly as possible equal to the damage actually caused.

The equity of this principle is recognised practically throughout the United States, where the motorist pays, not a tax on the horse-power, but on the total amount of fuel his vehicle consumes.

Ninety per cent. of the motorists in Great Britain are agreed that the American principle is the only correct one, and even the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has said that the advantages of the petrol tax are obvious to anyone who thinks about the subject.

The present tax is an imposition on motorists and the motor trade.

Whether one buys a new 20-horse-power car or a second-hand one, the tax, according to the present system, is the same.

Consequently, thousands of old cars are lying about the country, practically unsaleable because potential buyers are faced with the prospect of paying a tax equal in some cases to the market value of the vehicles.

NATURALLY dealers are reluctant to pay much for old vehicles which are likely to be unsaleable on account of the heavy tax. Therefore, owners are clinging to their old cars rather than accepting poor exchange values, and the new car market is suffering.

From 1909, for eleven years motorists in Britain paid a tax on the petrol which they consumed.

But the equity of that system went by the board with the introduction of the horse-power tax in 1921–1922.

The horse-power tax must go and the petrol tax must be re-established.

Scalds and Burns

Have the ideal first-aid dressing ready for every emergency. Germolene soothes and heals.

Mrs. Ridley, of 13, Garden Lane, South Shields, writes as follows: "My little boy was severely burnt on the chest, and the various things I tried were of no use. However, the first application of Germolene gave him ease, and after dressing the place for three days it began to clear up and new skin commenced to grow. A week later he was able to get up, and now he is quite cured. Germolene proved equally beneficial to my neighbour's husband, who badly scalded his arm. He is a sailor and always goes to sea with a tin of Germolene—he has such faith in it."

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP. Is unrivalled for cleansing soothing, and protecting the tender skins of infants. Mothers who know the value of Germolene will be eager to complete the treatment by employing this luxurious preparation. Of all Chemists, 1/- per tablet.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

And all Cut, Bruised, Itching, or Ulcerated Surfaces.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 *and* 3/-. *Of all Chemists and Stores.*

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

100% Saddle Ease.

Here are many inches of springs that shape to you—that absorb all shocks, jars, and vibrations, and give miles more riding. There's no saddle discomfort on a "Terry"—and you will ride one some day. Why not now? List free.

Cycle Saddles in C. T. C. Lady's and Gent's Models 25/- Motor-Cycle Models, 37/6, 45/6 51/6 each.

Terry

BRITAIN'S TERRY & SONS, Ltd., Redditch, Eng. Estd. 1855.

WE TRUST YOU

2/6 is all you pay till you have ridden a Mead "Marvel" 400a cycle one month. Sent Packed FREE. Carriage paid. Immediate delivery. "MARVEL" 400 £6 10s CASH. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Factory-soiled cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write TO-DAY for specifications and illustrations of 28 new models.

Mead CYCLE CO. Ltd. (Dept. B 457), SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.

For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.

DRIES IN 30 MINUTES.

In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-

From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—

SILICO ENAMEL CO., Warton Road, Stratford, E.

THINNESS

For a little free advice on the cure of THINNESS, write to the E. M. Bureau of Health and Cure, (Dept. B.J.), 40-42, Chandos Street, London, W.C. 2. (Principal: Eustace Miles, M.A.—for many years recognised as the leading British authority on food and its relation to health. To save time, give details of your usual daily diet and any other information that will throw any light on your case. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Only 2/- NOW & THE BIKE IS YOURS

MY NEW LISTS show astonishing reductions in price of Coventry's best bikes. Small deposit gets any model ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE LISTS, showing biggest and best selection of bikes.

Edward O'Brien Ltd. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. Dep. D COVENTRY.

2/- WEEKLY AFTER YOU RECEIVE THE MACHINE

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

OUR Industrial Assurance Bureau has proved a gigantic success. Never was a need more distinctly emphasised. Hundreds of pounds have been secured for our readers; thousands more are being only temporarily held by the companies. If you have difficulty with any kind of assurance, send particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. Our experts will make some one get busy.

* * *

B. T. (Huntington).—"Is there any way of making it rain?" Oh yes. Organise a picnic.

G. J. (Exeter).—"I furnished my own house with furniture." What a quaintly original idea!

B. L. (Penge).—"My wife wants——" Yes, yes. They all do.

A. C. N. (Raglan).—"I had a very dull week at the seaside." Bed and bored?

D. E. (Lincoln).—"I only write for a hobby." We accept your apology.

J. N. (Harringay).—"I have a great mind to go in for politics." If you really have, you won't need it.

G. T. (Hull).—"Are you a Mason?" No, we're an editor.

G. J. (Canterbury).—"I should like to make a vacuum cleaner." Spend a bob on a good shampoo.

G. L. (Leeds).—"Thousands of germs can be transmitted by a kiss." It seems safest to return all kisses.

W. W. (Fulham).—"I envy the man who is able to spend his days riding about in a car." Why not try for a job as a tram conductor?

A. C. (Smethwick).—"Don't you think enclosed photo of me has rather an 'other-world' expression?" It certainly makes you look like nothing on earth.

B. M. (Brighton).—"Do you consider one-piece bathing costumes decent?" It all depends on the size of the piece.

PHYLLIS D. (Carshalton).—"I hope the man who marries me will be frank." What's his other name, Phyllis?

H. H. H. (Stamford).—"It seems rather silly to have three initials all alike, doesn't it?" Still, it wouldn't do for you to drop any of yours.

B. C. B. (Royston).—"There seems to be nothing gained by taking a double-journey railway-ticket nowadays." Why? You get a return for your money.

L. H. (Forton).—"Our late vicar's farewell sermon lasted nearly an hour." And afterwards you all said, "So long!" to him?

A. C. (Biggleswade).—"Did you read the humorous skit I sent you?" We made the effort, and found it no joke, we assure you.

M. N. (Uxbridge).—"In the economy of Nature nothing is without its use." Quite true. The kid eats the banana and the skin enables dad to slip.

J. F. R. (Kilburn).—"I'm quite upset at the death of my tailor, who never sent me home a single ill-made garment." Nice of you to pay this fitting tribute to his memory.

D. U. (Ryde).—"I see myself, in the far future, as a distinguished peer of the realm." Good lord!

L. D. (Bath).—"I am sorry I have had to write to you again." We share your grief.

L. B. (Balham).—"I think your heart is in the right place." We have had no notice of its removal.

T. B. (Cromer).—"He has a breezy manner but really is very nervous." Windy, in fact.

P. L. (Dover).—"I'm going to write a book on a subject that interests me greatly." An autobiography?

P. J. (Cardiff).—"Every man has to use his head" Even if he only uses it as a hat-peg.

BERTHA (Guildford).—"My brother and I are twins." How annoying for you if he tells people how old he is!

A. B. (Dibble).—"When the boss appears at the office in his plus-fours everybody stops talking." Hush, hush, here comes the bogey man!

M. L. (Charing Cross).—"You'll notice that my note-paper is strongly scented." Yes, we read your letter with a pair of tongs.

B. Y. (Leyton).—"The modern girl is on the go from morning till night." She's far more often on the go from night till morning.

H. R. M. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"My wife has gone away." We hope you are enjoying your holiday. If you want another, win one in *Bullets* this week.

L. T. (Bloomsbury).—"Some Government officials are not very courteous." They should be. They're supposed to be Civil servants.

MISS R. (Swansea).—"Nine women out of ten these days have a mission in life." And the tenth would marry, too, if she could.

T. M. (London, N.).—"My wife practises singing and the dentist below has complained about it." No wonder. People will get a bad impression of his painless methods.

V. P. (Stockport).—"Do you think I could get money with my pen?" Oh yes. If you don't write cheques bigger than your bank balance.

L. D. (Yarmouth).—"I must stop now as I find myself yawning." We yawned much sooner in your letter than you did.

SUSAN (Wigan).—"She will sing though she has a very bad voice." Which shows that at any rate she has a good nerve.

"AUTHOR" (Putnam).—"I beg you to write the few words that would mean heaven to me." Go and drown yourself.

MRS. C. (Cobham).—"A little common-sense would prevent a lot of divorces." Yes, for it would prevent a lot of marriages.

Visitor: "Isn't there anyone in the village who cuts hair?"

Native: "Oh, aye, sur, the sweep will if you cuts his in return."

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show"—32 pages for 2d.

J. W. (Crewe).—"Can anything prevent a woman having the last word?" Yes, an echo.

J. H. K. (Hampstead).—"After all, what is luck?" The name men give other men's success.

G. M. (St. Ives).—"We've lost our canary and nobody seems to know anything about it." The cat may have inside information.

DORA (Needham).—"The fortune-teller told me I had a wonderful talent for painting." He could see it in your face, perhaps.

T. C. (Whitstable).—"Somebody stole my home-made loud-speaker, but I don't think I'll prosecute." Quite right. The culprit has doubtless been punished enough.

S. W. (Trent).—"I take a pride in being old-fashioned and behind the times." All right. A Merry Christmas or 1905.

ELSIE (Buxton).—"Although I have my own ideas of woman's rights, I would not mind being a typist in your office." We would not dare to dictate to you.

MISS A. (Burnley).—"Would cutting down the poem to three verses instead of four improve it?" It would certainly be a 25 per cent. improvement.

F. K. (Birmingham).—"There seems nothing much on at the theatres here." Tut, tut. And in Brummagem, too!

J. W. (Canterbury).—"Ought a man to marry a girl with an impediment in her speech?" Not unless she finds herself able to say "Yes" without hesitating.

MRS. D. (Glasgow).—"Do you think betting on horses is wrong?" It must often be wrong or bookies wouldn't make the fortunes they do.

J. L. (Cardiff).—"Any man who drinks hard should be treated by a specialist." Men who drink hard don't care who treats them.

MISS G. (St. Albans).—"An elderly man of fortune proposed, but I can't say I felt Cupid's dart." That was because the rascal was too old a beau.

MRS. F. (Kirkby Stephen).—"There are people grown old in this country who have never seen a motor-car." Which explains why they have grown old.

J. H. (York).—"Many of our narrow streets are beautifully paved." Concrete examples of municipal control, we suppose.

MRS. B. (Sunderland).—"Three years ago I was certain our little boy had swallowed a threepenny bit." Did you notice any change in him?

G. G. (Hammersmith).—"I'm afraid it's the little men who fall victims to widows." Well, there's great merit attaching to the widow's mite.

L. P. (Hendon).—"I am perfectly fascinated by the air displays we have here." You enjoy seeing others have a high old time.

R. L. (Ingleton).—"I wouldn't mind going out to Canada if I could ensure becoming a Rockefeller." You can go out and ensure being a tree feller.

"BACHELOR" (Glasgow).—"When I see a fashionable woman I thank Providence I'm a man." So that you can run after her?

P. C. (Shoreditch).—"The girls I met at Margate were nothing but dressed-up dolls." Yet we'll wager they didn't squeak for "papa" or "mamma" when they were squeezed.

B. L. (Sevenoaks).—"My young brother has the cheek to borrow and wear my silk scarves without permission." Tell him it is possible to take too much advantage of family ties.

N. F. C. (Edmonton).—"The plots of some film plays are very difficult to follow." But in most audiences, remember, there are many who prefer to be kept in the dark.

R. P. (Silloth).—"My wife actually hit me several times because I dared to complain that her Yorkshire pudding was tough." You seem to have been badly battered, poor fellow.

"HOPEFUL" (West Drayton).—"My aunt has just died, and I am anxiously waiting to learn whether she has remembered me in her will." That remains to be proved.

P. L. C. (Ipswich).—"The plumber who was working on a job here was overcome by the heat, and we had some difficulty in reviving him." It usually takes a long time to get a man of his trade to come round.

MRS. R. (Canterbury).—"Tobacco is really a slow poison." Very slow. We know a man who has been poisoning himself with it for fifty years and he isn't dead yet.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

COAL
More Facts!

LABOUR LEADERS' PLAIN WORDS TO MINERS' LEADERS

MR. BROMLEY

Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen and member of the General Council of the T.U.C.

REVEALS STARTLING CRITICISMS FROM THE STRIKE REPORT OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS,

which was prepared but never submitted to a conference of Executives. Here are the quotations from the official Union organ "The Locomotive Journal," which Mr. J. BROMLEY edits:—

STARVING ON A SLOGAN.

"It is not leadership to stand by whilst hundreds of thousands of men starve on a slogan."

"AWFUL" POLICY OF MINERS' LEADERS.

"The slogan of the miners' leaders would, on their own admission, if accepted, have meant the immediate throwing out of work of some 300,000 mine workers by the closing of uneconomic mines, which seems too awful for any trade union leaders to contemplate."

"DESTITUTION" FOR 300,000 MINERS' FAMILIES.

"To many thinking people it is bound to appear more sane for some highly paid men in a disorganised industry to suffer some temporary reduction during a re-organisation period, than to throw 300,000 workers and their families into destitution so that a number of men, earning, on the admission of Mr. Cook, the miners' Secretary, from £5 to £13 per week may retain every penny of their present wages."

The Miners' Leaders Have Rejected Everything.

They Rejected:

1. The Coal Commission's Report.
2. The Government's offer of a subidy of £3,000,000 to ease the transition.
3. The Samuel Memorandum.
4. The advice of the T.U.C. General Council.
5. The Mineowners' offer of the same wages for an 8-hour day.

They have put 620,000 workers in other trades out of work. They have compelled the miners to spend their savings, to borrow money, and to accept poor-law relief, while all the time work and wages were theirs for the taking. They have handed over British Coal Markets to German, Polish and Russian Miners.

NOW'S the time for every miner to study facts for himself, and urge his Leaders to bring Peace to the nation's vital industry.

This announcement is not issued by the Coal Owners, but it is issued and paid for by Business Men not directly or indirectly interested in the production of Coal.

HOW THIN FOLKS CAN PUT ON FLESH.

If you are weak, thin, and emaciated, and can't put on flesh or get strong, no matter how much you eat, go to your nearest chemist and get a small supply of Blood-Iron Phosphate, and take as directed. Enough for a two-weeks' treatment costs but 3s., and every package contains a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. If at the end of two weeks you don't feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your eyes aren't brighter and your nerves steadier; if you don't sleep better, and your vim, vigour, and vitality aren't more than doubled, or if you haven't put on weight, you can have your money back for the asking, and Blood-Iron Phosphate will have cost you nothing.

IMPORTANT.—Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is wonderfully effective in increasing strength and nervous energy, it should not be used by people who object to putting on weight.

GREAT SALE

To clear stock quickly we offer renovated Government and other Bicycles at HALF usual prices for cash. 21/- Deposit ensures delivery of B.S.A. and other celebrated makes—all in excellent riding condition. Many equal to new. Tyres and Accessories at low prices. Write for Free List No. B202

MEAD Cycle Co., Incorpd., Birmingham.

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Post us Your Developing

"KODAK" LISTS FREE

WALLACE HEATON Ltd
119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

DEVELOPING & PRINTING

'Phone: Mayfair 0086

AND USE
Only "KODAK" Film
The Dependable Film in the Yellow Carton.

Buy to-day a 9d. Bottle of
MASON'S
EXTRACT OF HERBS

and make prime non-intoxicating beer at home, which costs less than
6d. per gallon
Newhall & Mason Ltd Nottingham.

SQUARE DE LS.

Never hesitate to send for anything you see advertised in "John Bull." "John Bull" as a salesman first satisfies himself that the goods he talks about are sold by trusty traders.

Say you saw it in JOHN BULL.

You can have a Baby Car for 2/6

Order YOUR Baby Car direct from factory at WHOLESALE price—and save middlemen's profits. You only pay 2/6 till you have used it ONE MONTH. 12 New Models exquisitely designed models in ART colours, to choose from. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. 10 Days' Free Trial. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write To-day for big illustrated catalogue.

DEPOSIT

CYCLE CO., Ltd., Dept. P.37, Birmingham

Mead

HOLIDAY SAFETY FIRST!

DON'T LEAVE YOUR HOME UNGUARDED

THOUSANDS of our readers are about to go on holiday and will lock up their homes with a sigh of relief ready to enjoy a well-earned rest. Has it ever occurred to those who are not yet registered under our Free Insurance scheme, that in spite of all the care they may take to fasten every window securely and bolt and bar the door, their little home on which they have lavished so much care and pride is *by no means safe?*

Floods and storms may do fearful damage in their absence; sparks from a neighbouring fire may set the house ablaze; a careless neighbour may be the cause of a great conflagration.

These are not the words of an alarmist. They are actual experiences of many a holiday maker. Is it nor far better, therefore, to let JOHN BULL stand sentinel over your home during your absence? Isn't it better to leave home secure in the thought that should anything like this happen in your absence JOHN BULL stands ready to make ample amends in the shape of a substantial cheque?

Let it be a *real* holiday this year. Leave all fears and doubts behind you. Remember, too, that the risk of Fire is just as great when you have arrived at your boarding house, hotel or apartment, and the dangers when boating and bathing are very real ones.

No need to re-register

On the other hand, those who are already registered readers of JOHN BULL need not re-register before going away on holiday, if their stay does not exceed one month.

In order to continue to qualify for the Benefits during their holiday, all they are required to do is to show that that they have purchased the paper while away and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL on their return.

The bank balance is the home

Few people in these days of costly living have the feeling of security that a bank balance or savings set aside for a rainy day brings to the family man. Without means of weathering a financial storm a period of anxiety looms ahead.

By signing the JOHN BULL Free Insurance coupon, you are for all intents and purposes providing yourself with a "bank balance" against which you can draw at the expense of JOHN BULL in the event of misfortune overtaking you.

By taking this simple precaution, you need no longer be haunted by the fear of doctors' bills or the consequences of some unlucky accident in your home or the consequences arising from fire.

On another page you will find testimonials from readers written after a trying time had been safely bridged thanks to a timely cheque from JOHN BULL. We could go on adding almost indefinitely to this chorus of praise.

"Your cheque came at a very useful time and helped to tide me through without the necessity for incurring any debt," writes Mr. L. R. Lucas, of 207, Brookehouse Road, Catford, S.E.6. Many readers make use of the phrase "I did not realise what a godsend it would be."

We are proud of these human documents which speak in every line of the great practical value of our Free Insurance.

We point with pride to the fact that 21,915 readers have received timely cheques under our Free Insurance Gift. Is not this sufficient proof for you—for everyone—to become a registered reader without delay and share in this great Gift—free insurance which would actually cost you at least Twenty-five Shillings per annum if taken out through an Insurance Company.

And speaking of Insurance Companies, our readers appreciate to the full the fact that every application for Benefits is handled by us directly, and given prompt and sympathetic consideration. Applications for benefits do not come under the cold and critical eye of an Insurance Company to be judged on purely technical grounds.

The policy in plain English

If your home is the scene of a Fire, JOHN BULL will pay up to £100. If you meet with an unfortunate accident in Home or Garden, we pay up to £250. Should Storm, Lightning or Tempest wreck your home, we will compensate you up to £300. Should you fall a victim to one of the sicknesses specified and be unable to pursue your occupation, we will give you a cheque for Five Guineas. JOHN BULL pays up to £250 for Sports Accidents; up to £250 for Boating and Bathing Accidents.

Another point: We will pay the above benefits in addition to any you may receive from any other source. Also remember that registration by husband or wife covers both or either under the ONE registration.

FOR A FATHER'S SIN

Mother and Children Left to Suffer

LAST week we received a pathetic appeal for assistance from a woman living in the East End of London. The details of her distress were those with which we are only too sadly familiar, but the case assumed more tragic features when we learned by enquiry the circumstances that had brought her to such a pathetic plight.

For years she has struggled bravely to preserve her respectability and to bring up a large family in decency, and her efforts have met with a wonderful measure of success, taking into consideration her terrible handicap.

She has been saddled by a selfish husband who hampered all her efforts and well-nigh broke her heart.

Not only did he neglect to make proper provision for her with the money which he was able to earn by his trade, but he forsook the paths of honesty and devoted pounds that should have been spent in providing for his family to the purchase of stolen property so that he might indulge himself.

He was at last sent to prison for his crimes, and now has time to repent. Meanwhile his wife and seven little ones are feeling the full weight of the suffering which the punishment of the guilty so often involves to the innocent.

THE wife discovered innumerable debts which she was immediately pressed to pay, though she had no means whatever. She had been kept so short of money for housekeeping that the rent had got some weeks in arrears, insurance payments had had to be postponed, and it had been a struggle for her to obtain sufficient food, though she needed special nourishment, having a baby at the breast.

One of the noble women workers who are affectionately known as "Sister" by so many harassed housewives of the slums, has pleaded for help and sympathy on behalf of the poor mother and her little ones, and through "The Greatest of These——" Fund their immediate needs have been provided for.

Those who subscribe to the fund may rest assured that every penny they send will be devoted to relief in the most necessitous cases among many brought to our notice, for the proprietors of JOHN BULL bear all the costs of administration of the fund, assuring themselves by investigation that only applicants who are thoroughly deserving are assisted.

"The Greatest of These——"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 91, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M. S. (Bristol), 3s. 6d.; In memory of Jack, 5s.; A Reader of JOHN BULL, 6d.; S. E. O., 2s. 6d.; "Old Doon" (Edinburgh), 9d.; A. Walker (Lacock), 1s.; Anon (Bournemouth), 1s.; W. Bhoulton, F.L.C., 2s.; M. R. (Portsmouth), 1s.; "For Luck," N.B., 6d.; E. N. Nisbet, 2s. 2d.; Lucky Jim's Cloth, 1s.; [illegible] and Half, 2s. 6d.; J. J. Hall (Dorchester), 6d.; L. S., Bulwell, 6d.; F. L., Stroud, 2s.; Avon, 2s. 6d.; "A Scotch Girl in America," £2 0s. 5d.; Lucrian, 10s.; Anon, £4 10s.; "My Mite," 1s.; H. A. S., 5s.; G. B. (Bradninch), 2s. 6d.; From a Modern Girl (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; R. S. W. (Dover), 1s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; A. Hallas (Butwell), 2s. 5d.; Anon, 10s.; Marple Bridge, 10s.; From One Who Feels for All, 2s. 6d.; F. G. W., H.H., 2s. 6d. F. S. C. (Rangoon), 3s.; "Income Tax," 2s. 6d.; A. Lawton, 2s. 6d.; F. E. L. (Northwich), 5s.; M. White (Southport), 2s.; A. C., 1s.; L. and G. Johnson, 2s.; S. Dickens, 1s. 1d.; F. M. O., 10s.; J. V. S., 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; "Pytwipe," 9d.; E. F. Kendall, 5s.; E. Parkins, 2s.; J. Hurley, £1; Anon, 2s. 6d.; E. A. H., 1s.; Ex-Fusilier, 5d.; C. H., 2s. 6d.; W. F. Gregory, Bexhill, 1s.; H. K. Hobbs, 2s.; I. T. B. (Bristol), 10s.; Mrs. K. F. (Stockport), 1s.; S. H. (Bradford), 10s.; H. S. Wilson, 1s. 9d.; Arch. Rushley, 2s.; A. T., 2s. 6d.; W. H. Tolley, 1s.; "Very Little," 2s. 6d.; Jessie's Ninth, 11d.; M. S., 5s.; "A Grateful Reader" 2s. 6d.; Dartford, 1s.; A Ninth of Boaus, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A T (Sutton), 5s.; M. T., 1s.; T. D. B., 2s. 6d.; Old Don (Rusholme), 2s. 6d.; B. H., 5s.; "Neuf," 1s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; One in Sympathy, J. W. W., 1s.; "A Lover of Justice," 6d.; O. B. H., 2s. 6d.; A. Broadhurst, 2s.; A. K. (Ashton-u-Lyne), 10s.; D[illegible], 10s.; "John, 3/16," 2s. 6d.; J. C. M. Edge, 10s.; F. C. a Widow, Hawick, Scotland, 5s.; "Happy Pat," 5s.; Mr. Henry W[illegible], Hill, 6s.; W. L., Clewlow, 10s.; Miss Morris, 1s.; Nancy, 5s.; J. P. Dreu, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. H. Bolch, 1s.; Commission 9th, 2s. 6d.; M. Y., 2s. 6d.; Reader, 1s.; A Mother, 2s.; Mr. R. M. Tebbitt, 2s.; T. Davies (Pennsylvania), 3s.; An Old Reader, 2s.; H. W. Bhoulton, F.L.C., [illegible], W.2, 1s.

Mother of Six, 2s.; A. R. Reader (Holmes), 5s.; C. S., 2s. 6d.; Our Poor Ninth (Birkenhead), 1s.; Mrs. B. Maden (Twickenham), 2s. 6d.; H. H. Davis, 1s.; Mrs. E. Appleton (Southampton), 10s.; Mr. E. B. Smith (Ashington), 5s.; F. G. Knights, 1s.; "Windmill" (Dudley), 1s.; J. K. Wilson (Ancoats), 1s.; C. W. March (Oldham), 1s.; A. R. K., 4s.; Mrs. J. Fenton, 1s.; A Mother, 4d.; Alison, 2s. 6d.; E. Bone, 6d.; F. Firth, 6d.; Old Reader and Constant, 6d.; N. L. (Birkenhead), 6d.; Mrs. P. L., 6d.; 6d.; K. C. D., 6d.; M. Welham (Lancashire), 1s.; C. A. M., 6d.; Totally Disabled, 6d.; H. W. (Stockport), 6d.; F. H. (Bebington), 6d.; A. C. McIlraney, 4d.; F. M. Picking, 1s.; Miss (Carrshdale), 1s.; T. McJannett (Castle Douglas), 1s.; W. E. Holyhead, 2s.; F. W. L., (Sheffield), 6d.; A. Donald (Kirkcaldy), 1s.; D. J. Gemmy (Oswaldwhistle), 6d.; Wingfield, 6d.; C. Dodds, 1s.; E. G. (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; Anon (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; On the 9th, 3d.; W. Fox, 9d

(Many acknowledgements unavoidably held over.

The Completed Puzzle

M	I	T	T		A	D	E	P	T		C	A	S	T
E	R	R	O	R		I		I		R	A	J	A	H
S	A	I	L		I	N	S	E	T		T	A	R	E
S	T	O	L	E	N		I		U	N	T	R	U	E
	E		S		H	O	N	E	S	T		L		M
S		A	D	D	E	R		R	O	D	E	O		W
T	U	B		E	R	A	S	U	R	E		B	A	R
A		H	U	B		T		D		A	L	E		A
T	W	O		I	N	I	T	I	A	L		S	A	T
E		R	A	T	I	O		T	I	T	H	E		H
		C		R	E	N	T	E	R		A		A	
T	R	A	G	I	C		O		E	N	M	I	T	Y
H	O	P	E		E	N	D	E	D		M	O	L	E
A	N	E	N	T		I		S		P	E	T	A	L
N	E	X	T		G	L	O	B	E		R	A	S	P

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue. This week's puzzle is on page 4.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 605.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. J. McCORMICK, 72, Eliza Street, Belfast.

(Example:—NOT PAID FOR Bullet:—WORKMANSHIP—SO WORKMAN SHIPS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. SANDERS, Knutton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Example:—PUBLIC OPINION Bullet:—GOVERNMENT *Already* PURCHASED COAL-MINES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. BRYSON, Clenmavis, by Airdrie, N.B.
Example:—NERVOUS WRECK Bullet:—LEGISLATION—SUPPRESSED LAW.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. T. P. [illegible], 57, Abbotsdale Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.
Example:—FASHION PARADE Bullet:—"MISS" THE "BEST SELLERS."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. T. HOWARTH, 9 ak., Regent Street, Rochdale.
Example:—THEM SHE LIKES Bullet:—"MAKES ME WELP" Too.

5 Prizes of £10 each:

J. A. HINDS, 578, Admiralty Cottages, Invergordon, N.B.
OVERSEAS—WIRELESS THE ABSCONDER'S LASSO.
J. McCONNELL, 14, Rostrevor Road, Fulham, S.W.
PUBLIC OPINION—GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY IN ITALY.
Miss F. SNEATH, 12, Paddock Lane, Southwell, Notts.
FASHION PARADE—NO "STANDING AT EASE."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
E. E. TODD, 12, Hyde Grove, C-on-M., Manchester.
FASHION PARADE—"SPECTACLES" GRANDMA DOESN'T "OVERLOOK."
Mrs L. WHITEHOUSE, 30, Longlands Park Road, Sidcup.
EMPTY—NOT THE WIZARD'S "SLEEVE."

10 Prizes of £5 each.

T. BUTTERWORTH, 31, Leamington Street, Waterhead, Oldham.
IN THE SUNSHINE—"TRIP" "SETS US UP."
H. A. CHEETHAM, 11, Hartley Grove, Hyde Park, Leeds.
A BURGLAR—GLOVES ON—FIGHTING *Science*.
R. F. DAVIS, 86, Higham Road, Down Hills Park, Westcliff, N.
A BURGLAR—"SLOW"—FINDS PRISON "SURE."
S. FENWICK, 133, Fifth Street, The Lawe, South Shields
HIRE PURCHASE TREATY—"DON'T TREAT ANY."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
F. MARSON, 22, Lowthorpe Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
A BURGLAR'S DENTAL DECAY—TOOTHBRUSH, "PORCUPINE"
E. NORRIS, 11, Bethney Gardens, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.
LOCAL GOVERNMENT—POLITICIAN PROMISED BETTER WAGES.
A. PORTER, 250 Westmorland Road, Newcastle-on-
HOW TO CATCH—AMERICAN NAPPING—NOT
Mrs H. STEVENS, 75, Bevois Valley Road, South-
INSECURITY—BOTH SAINTS AND BLACK-
C. [illegible] Loan, Edinburgh.
[illegible] *Ease*, HIS GRIEVANCE.
R. [illegible], 6, Selborne Terrace, Darlington.
[illegible] BOAT—"CAN'T CAPTAIN *Divorce*

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

[illegible] Summer Hill, Alton, Staffs.
[illegible] COOKING, BRIDEGROOM NOT
[illegible] Church & Horses Street, Norwich.
[illegible] SPEND WITH DEBTORS?
[illegible], "The Oaklands," Princes Drive,
[illegible] WANTED, NOT UNWANTED JOYS.
[illegible] Edinburgh Road, Plaistow, E.
[illegible] COAL INDUSTRY MUSTN'T
[illegible] Woodland Terrace, Sebastopol, nr.
[illegible] Men.
[illegible] WHEN NATIONS *Resent* ARMS.
[illegible] Target" Prize coupon.)
[illegible] Glenlea," Cowdenbeath, Fife, N.B.
[illegible] RICH "WHITHER"—POOR,
[illegible] Heathfield Avenue, Buckland, Dover.
[illegible] MOTHER—FATHER—LATER, SON.
[illegible], Underhill Road, East Dulwich,
[illegible] SPENDING TIME, PURCHASES
[illegible] Street, Bolton, Lancs.
[illegible]—THE MIRROR HIS "SPEEDO-
[illegible] Chester Road, Shotton, Chester.
[illegible] MOST" OF THE LADIES.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

[illegible] Corbiesse St., Dumfries, N.B.
[illegible] Wigston Rd., Plaistow, E.
[illegible] Grayshott, Hants.
[illegible], Chesterfield.
[illegible], Nottingham.
[illegible], St. Andrew's Terr., Hull.
[illegible] Holland Park Avenue, London, W.
[illegible] Belmont Road, Bolton, Lancs.
[illegible], St. Woodland Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

(Continued on page 4)

MORE HOLIDAY PRIZES!

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

2nd Prize £50 — £250 — 3rd Prize £25

200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6 6,000 'Target' Prizes

5 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 EACH

20 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2·2·0 EACH

100 HOLIDAY FARES OF £1·1·0 EACH

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 608.

THE FRANC
BRITAIN'S LARDER
AFTER THE TEST
MOTHER'S HOLIDAY
A HARD LIFE
COURTING COUPLE
SEASIDE LODGINGS
SAID TO THE BATHER
FOR A CHANGE
FAR AND NEAR
TOO MUCH FOR ME
CROWDED
NOT ALLOWED
WHAT THE BOATMAN SAID
MEANS A LOT
BOWLED OUT
ASKING FOR IT
BAD FRIENDS
IN A FEW DAYS
HASTILY
WORTH BACKING
LOST ART
WITH A WRENCH
MAN TO MAN
MY DAUGHTER
OUT OF HIS DEPTH
LIKE A DOG
WITH MY WIFE
LANDED
OPEN WINDOW
WHAT SHE WEARS
WHAT IS A COAL-MINE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed [illegible] and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No.608 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 605 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at these Offices.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, THREE, or FOUR WORDS having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—SLUM LANDLORD *Bullet*:—PUBLIC'S ENEMY—PUBLICAN'S FRIEND.
Example:—HOW TO GET ON *Bullet*:—*Please* AS YOU *Go*.
Example:—A PRETTY PENNY *Bullet*:—LOST—LET'S "GET BACK."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 608 "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comps.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 5.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(608) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 5.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(608) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

[illegible] must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 5.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(608) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 5.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(608) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for 2,000 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 604 can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. Ward, Post Office, [illegible], Kent.

next week 500 HOLIDAY PRIZES!

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the results of more than 30 years' experience and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No Risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

Free Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.,
(387E) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Please write plainly.

Brooks Appliances are not sold in any SHOPS—The only address in Gt. Britain is 80, Chancery Lane, London. W.C.2.

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